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Universities' Mission to Central Africa













# CENTRAL AFRICA

A MONTHLY RECORD OF THE WORK  
OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION

3325  
43-9

JANUARY  
1905  
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## Mail Days, &c., January, 1905.

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| Jan. 5 | Letters expected ( <i>German</i> ).         | 15 | Letters expected ( <i>British</i> ).                      |
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## "AFRICAN TIDINGS" illustrated, for JANUARY, contains—

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Zanzibar.—Right Rev. JOHN EDWARD HINE, M.D.—1888.

Likoma.—Right Rev. GERARD TROWER.—1902.

### Archdeacons.

Nyasa.—Johnson, W. Percival '76—"C.M."  
Zanzibar.—Evans, Frederick J. '97—Mas.

Magila.—Woodward, Herbert W. '75—Mag.  
Masasi.—Carnon, Alfred H. '90—Mas.

### Priests.

\*Abdallah, Yohanna .. 94—Unan.  
Baines, Philip H. .. 00—Mbw.  
Barnes, Herbert .. 00—Eng.  
Brent, James W. .. 00—Mbw.  
\*Chiponde, Samwil .. 00—Mkan.  
Dale, Canon G. .. 89 & 00—Eng.  
Davies, Cardoc .. 00—Mal.  
De La Pryme, Alex. G. .. 00—Trav.  
Douglas, Arthur J. .. 00—Lik.  
Eyre, C. Benson .. 00—Mpon.  
Frewer, Cyril C. .. 00—Pemba.

Glossop, Arthur G. B. .. 99—Trav.  
Harrison, Wm. Guy .. 00—Mbw.  
Jenkins, Albert M. .. 00—Eng.  
Kisbey, Walter H. .. 00—Kol.  
\*Limo, Petro .. 00—Mkusi.  
\*Machina, Daudi .. 00—Chun.  
Mackay, Malcolm .. 00—Mkan.  
\*Malawa, George .. 00—Mas.  
Marsh, Richard H. .. 00—Ny. Col.  
Pearse, Francis E. .. 00—Klun.  
Phillips, John G. .. 94—"C.M."

Piercy, William C. .. 00—Kota.  
Piercy, Canon Wm. C. .. 80—Mas.  
Prior, Robert .. 00—Pemba.  
\*Sehoza, Samuel .. 00—Mis.  
Smith, Evelyn B. L. .. 00—Eng.  
Spurling, Henry W. .. 00—Zan.  
Suter, Walter B. .. 00—Mal.  
Webster, William G. .. 00—Kiz.  
Weston, Chancr. Frank .. 00—Klun.  
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\*Chitenji, Cyprian .. 00—Maj.  
Clarke, John P. .. 00—Lang.

\*Malisawa, Eustace .. 98—Chia.  
\*Mdoe, John B. .. 00—Kich.  
\*MacLennan, Yvanno .. 00—Mas.  
\*Msigala, Kolumba .. 00—Mwiti.

\*Ngaweje, Silvano .. 00—Chun.  
\*Saidi, John .. 00—Mag.  
\*Swedi, John .. 00—Mbw.  
\*Usufu, Daniel .. 00—Chiw.

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Brimecombe, Alfred .. 00—Trav.  
Brookway, Thomas .. 00—Eng.  
Crabb, Albert H. .. 00—Eng.  
Craft, Ernest A. .. 00—Mpon.  
Deert, William E. .. 00—Eng.  
George, Frank .. 00—Lik.  
Harrison, Charles H. .. 00—Mas.  
Howard, Charles R. .. 00—Mag.  
Howard, Robert .. 00—Lik.

Knight, George W. E. .. 00—Eng.  
Ledbury, Harry E. .. 00—Kota.  
Lyon, Samuel .. 00—Ny.  
McLennan, Charles .. 00—Mkan.  
Holloway, John E. .. 00—Mag.  
Makins, Arthur .. 00—Eng.  
Moffatt, Ronald .. 00—Mkusi.  
Partridge, James H. .. 00—Trav.  
Pegge, Richard E. .. 00—Mbw.  
Rokely, Fredk. M. .. 00—Ny.

Russell, Walter E. .. 00—Mkusi.  
Sargent, Alfred G. H. .. 00—Pemba.  
Sharp, Gustav C. .. 00—Mas.  
Sims, George .. 00—N. Coll.  
Spurr, Albert K. W. .. 00—"C.M."  
Swinnerton, Robert .. 00—Mas.  
Tomes, William E. .. 00—Lik.  
Wilcocks, Louis .. 00—Lik.

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Andrews, Mary A. .. 00—St. Kat.  
Armstrong, Mary .. 00—Lik.  
Barrard, M. Mabel .. 00—Pemba.  
Berkeley, Margaret A. .. 00—Trav.  
Blackburne, Ger. E. .. 00—Mbw.  
Boon, Amy .. 00—Hosp.  
Bowen, Margaret A. .. 00—St. Mon.  
Brewerton, Hannah .. 00—Hosp.  
Bulley, Mary W. .. 00—Lik.  
Candy, Katharine .. 00—Zan.  
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Clutterbuck, Eva .. 00—Mas.  
Coates, Caroline M. .. 00—St. Kat.  
Dale, Janet (Mrs.) .. 00—Eng.  
Dunford, Lizzie M. .. 00—Mag.  
Ellis, Winemtna .. 00—Hosp.  
Fage, Mabel .. 00—Ny.  
Field, Edith A. .. 99 & 00—Mbw.

Foden, Frances Ellen .. 00—Trav.  
Foxley, Alice .. 00—Eng.  
Gibbons, Annie .. 00—Mag.  
Goffe, Amelia .. 00—Hosp.  
Gunn, Louisa .. 00—Kol.  
Holloway, Margaret E. .. 00—Mas.  
Hopkins, Sarah .. 00—Mbw.  
Howes, Margaret E. .. 00—Pemba.  
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Lewis, Lucy H. .. 00—Klun.  
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Mann, Norah L. .. 00—Kota.  
Matthew, Jessie H. .. 00—Mal.  
Medd, Hilda .. 00—Eng.  
Mills, Dove Yarnon .. 00—Kil.  
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Morton, Alice S. .. 00—Eng.

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Phillips, Laura .. 00—St. Mon.  
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Sharpe, Ada M. .. 00—Mas.  
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\* These are Native Clergy



# CENTRAL AFRICA.

No. 265, XXIII.]

JANUARY, 1905.

[PRICE 1d.]

## A New Year's Message from our President

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I TRUST that all those who love the noble work which sprang from Livingstone's words, and has come down enriched with lives and deaths so precious in God's sight, may look with favour on the present effort made by loving hands and prayerful hearts to carry on to a new stage this record of the Mission's work.

I hope, too, that it may assist them in attracting the interest and help of others.

*Edw. R. Peck*



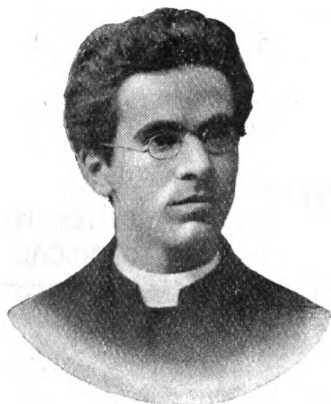
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# A Day at St. Michael's College

By Rev. HERBERT BARNES,  
late Principal.

April, 1904.

*Extracts from a letter not originally intended for publication.*



. . . I suppose you will prefer to approach the College in the early morning, and from the Lake, which is just below our little hilltop. If you do, you will meet the usual string of red-blanketed figures going down to the Lake for the morning wash, in all the stages of sleepiness. If you are as early as 5.45 you will be greeted by a discordant bellowing on a horn, on which, at that hour every day, a

man plays the tune that the cow died of, as a morning symphony, to replace the lark of Old England, and to awake the slumbering world. Coming from the Lake, you will have to walk a short distance through our new garden, where we mean to grow all the English vegetables that we can acclimatise, and as many of other sorts as may be useful for our table or for the refreshment of our eyes. At the present time we have succeeded with lettuces, carrots, and tomatoes; we have raised at least one large English marrow, and there are, coming on, capsicums, papayes, limes, melons, guavas, custard apples, and a lot more things of which I only remember off-hand the bananas, which I enjoy myself. But you will be saying that you thought St. Michael's College was a place for training young ideas, not cucumbers. And so it is, and if the young ideas don't get on better than the cucumbers they will require a change of soil at once; but, all the same,

there is a connection between the young ideas and the garden which you will see presently.

Leaving the garden, we will climb the path down which the blanketed figures are streaming, and we shall find it a steep and rough path, requiring attention in its turn, as well as the young idea. At the top of the path we find a row of imposing "bango" (the common reed) buildings—Lake View Terrace I call it, as it commands a fine view of the Lake and of our friends, the islands of Likoma and Chizumulu. As you are a visitor, you will for the present, and until we have our nice new stone house with its prophet's chamber, have to sleep and put up at the first of these houses, the one immediately facing you, as we puff up the last steep bit of the path. Here, in the first days, before degrading luxury had laid its hand on the institution, lived Davies, while the Archdeacon, belonging to a still more primitive age of the Mission, lived in a still more primitive and extraordinary house, next door but one of the same terrace. The late Archdeaconry is fallen on more evil days than Davies' house, for it is the dormitory of the workboys on the station, and has had every one of its windows blocked up to keep out not only fresh air, but wild beasts. Both these houses are of the highest order of Nineteenth Century Architecture in East Nyasa, and I do not know that we have really improved on them at all except by substituting stone and brick for reeds and mud. I suppose windows must be reckoned as an advance, and by windows of course I mean open spaces which are capable of being closed without shutting out the light as well as the air. The open spaces were there in the old houses, but you would hardly say there were windows!

Between these two residential mansions, with the view thrown in, stands a larger building of the same style of architecture, but not divided as to its one floor into compartments. Its walls are higher, and its floor area is greater, and I think it was formerly the large schoolroom of the College. It is the playroom of the present College, and it is a very useful and valuable building in that capacity. It has just lately been altered somewhat so as to have two

parts, one an open air playroom, a sort of open summer-house, and the other an enclosed room in which the sick can lie, and where the dim light, which is such a boon in this blazing sun, can be enjoyed. The sound of a single, fairly loud, and good-toned bell will be deafening you as you inspect this playroom, for the College belfry, a gaunt, unsightly giant's "Punch and Judy" show frame, with an extinguisher roof of grass, and only as yet one bell to account for the lavish scaffolding of bare poles, stands in an open space, behind the playroom, a sort of Market Place, with buildings all about it. This bell stops at half-past six, and by that time the blankets have come back, and their owners reappear clad in the ordinary garb, in which white cloth prevails.

A smaller bell, hanging over the Church itself, now sounds, and its note, long familiar to me in far other scenes, brings back Court Road, Cardiff, to my mind, and the picture of a hot and habitually late curate tearing along to be in time for an abnormally conscientious and punctual verger, whose time is according to the only reliable authorities, and whose hand is on the bell rope, while his eye is on the clock. Out here, the only reliable clock is in my house, or on my person, and the verger has neither clock nor conscience in the matter of time. The church itself is one of the very best possible in its materials, and really serves as a model to other villages of what excellent results can be produced by care in selection and arrangement of the simplest materials. It stands on a raised platform of heaped stones, which are necessary, both on account of the slope on which the building stands, and on account of the rains which, in the season, run in torrents all round and about a house with so much roof as this one has. The walls are of bango, the common reed, and only on the south side and round the east end, are they plastered with mud to keep out the rough wind, which, with us, comes from the south as a rule. Entering, we find the large building quite bare, as is usual in our Churches, except for mats spread in what we may call the nave, and for the altar and its adjuncts in the apsidal end, which forms the sanctuary. There is one feature in

this church which you do not find everywhere, and that is a shelf running the length of the nave on both sides, to accommodate the books of the students. By this time the fifty students have probably all come in, and you will see that each, as he enters, proceeds reverently to his own place, which, in the absence of pews or chairs, is marked out for him by a card at the side, with numbers on it. We are seated, on ordinary occasions, in rows of three on each side, with a good gangway space between. On Sundays and special occasions, when the village Christians come to swell our congregation, we have to sit four in a row, with an irregular line in between, varying according to the squeezability of the units making up the row.

The vestry is the back corner of the Church, and we cannot afford space even to rail it off. Here I shall leave you to find a seat among the crowd, while I don cassock and surplice at the back of the church, with the two or three who are to take part in the service. We will suppose that it is Tuesday, and in that case the service, commencing at 6.30 a.m. will be Matins. One of the students of the first class will be taking the service, with the exception of all those parts which, in our rubrics, are assigned to the priest, a teacher will be ready to read the First Lesson, and a student of the second class will be reading the Second Lesson. My part will generally be confined to those portions of the Service which belong to the priest, but sometimes I shall read the lesson or, on occasion, take the service myself. We use Chi-Nyanja in all the services, except that we have an English Celebration on Tuesday, and a Yao one on Friday. There are about 16 Yaos from Lungwena, Unangu and Mponda's here, so that it seems right to have one celebration a week in their native tongue. Also, when the student who reads a Lesson from the Gospel or the Acts happens to be a Yao, he is allowed to read from the Yao version of those books, which we enjoy through the labours of Dr. Hetherwick, of Blantyre, and his friends.

The service has no remarkable features ; we try to sing, and, for our chants, I believe we aim at Gregorians, with more or less success. The student who is taking the service



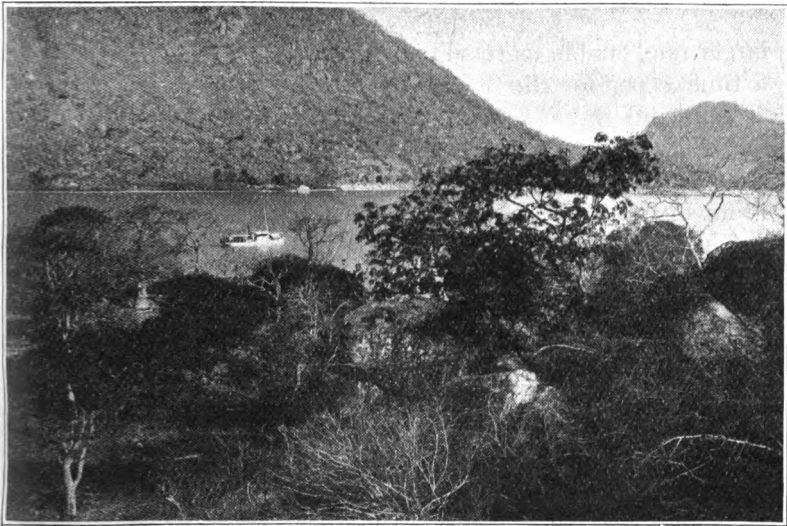
has to start the chants, and sometimes he comes a cropper. And so do I, occasionally, when it falls to my lot to start anything in the musical line.

It has just occurred to me, after a festival day's service, that a complete stranger might be struck by the rags which we have become accustomed to regard as cassocks and surplices. There is one fine surplice, which, from the number and variety of the holes which may pass for arm-holes, is as puzzling to get into and out of as a Hampton Court Maze. You may ask why we do not sew it up, and the answer is that it is of such extremely fine material, and so reduced and delicate in constitution, that any attempt at sewing would simply reduce it to a network of stitching. The other garments are more remarkable for misfitting than for raggedness, on the whole. If a student gets a cassock which is whole and seemly about the neck, it is probable that it only comes down to his knees, and leaves a margin of white or striped cloth showing below. Most of the cassocks are, I think, red, but there is also a number of white ones, and, in consequence, it is usual to see two servers of whom one only has succeeded in finding a red cassock to fit him, while his companion is robed in white. This would strike a stranger, but one so soon gets used to it that it is only by an effort of imagination that one realizes its probable effect on the first view. You, with your eyes accustomed only to the most decent and orderly arrangement, would notice it at once. We have a very good set of Communion vessels, the gift, as I daresay you remember, of the Wells Theological College, provided through Glossop.

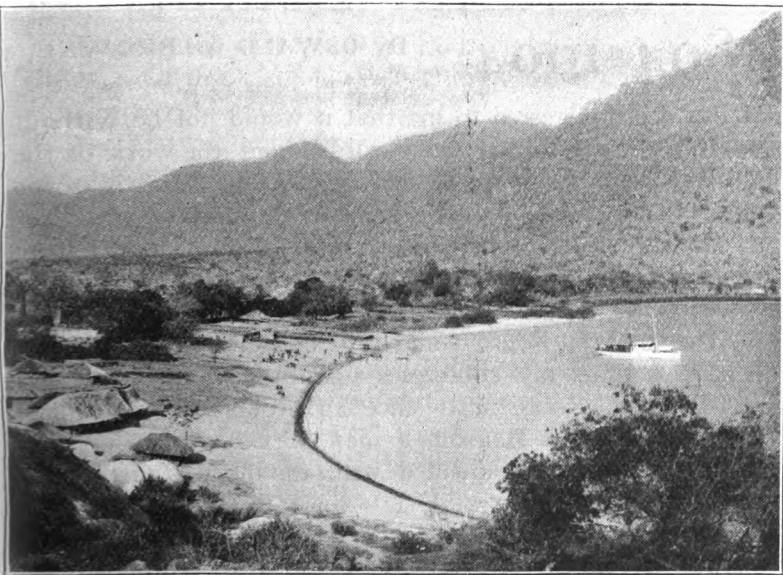
After Matins there is, on Tuesday, a Celebration in English, since we are two English people here, and one of them does not know much Chi-Nyanja. Very few students, as a rule, stop to this service, and I am not sure that I am sorry, because, although of course they should not be doing so, yet I feel sure that they would be chiefly regarding it as an exercise in English, rather than a devotional act. I can't tell you exactly what the students who do not come to service may generally be doing, but they have a variety of little occupations and amusements of their own, and are

at no loss to while away the time. Some of them will be busy at little jobs for us by which they earn some cloth in addition to the bare necessary amount which we allow them ; one is walking about, shaking a bottle of milk, out of which, by the time we come to breakfast, he will have charmed a supply of butter for our table. Another party of eight or nine is busy down in the garden, watering the plants which you noticed on the way up from the Lake. In the evening you will see two more, fetching water for our houses, and when we are at table it will be a student who, round the corner, is washing up our plates, etc. There are a variety of odd jobs which students are glad to do for us, and for which they receive the usual pay. It would be beautiful of course to think of their doing all these things for pure love of work and of us, but I think it would be a beautiful sight which you would be unable to parallel in any civilized or uncivilized community. When the steamer comes in, there are loads to be carried up, and we never have any difficulty in finding volunteers for the task. The sort of house in which a part of the students eat and play is also a specimen of their own handiwork, that is of the handiwork of students of a past generation, when the house in question was big enough to accommodate the whole family at meals. But by this time it is nearly 8 a.m., and we are out of church, and making our way to the *mezani* (dining-room), which will probably strike you as remarkably primitive. It is a reed building under the same grass roof with the kitchen, but, unlike ordinary dining-rooms, it is entirely open on one side, so that you may go home and say that we have all our meals all the year round in the open air. I am afraid I must confess that our summer-house of a dining-room is the jest of all our visitors who come from sumptuously appointed tables like the Likoma, "Chauncy Maples," Kota-Kota, Malindi and Mponda's ones, but we, here, do not mind ; they can laugh as much as they like, and we will continue to sit as much as we can out of doors, with nothing to keep out the fresh winds and the fair view. We should be glad if we could combine these advantages with the exclusion of fowls and goats, but as we cannot—why, we will do the other thing.

While we are at our simple breakfast, in its simple surroundings, I will beg you not to notice the ragged condition of the table-cloth and table furniture generally, unless, at least, you are prepared to make good, by a gift, the ravages of time, rats, white ants, and dobi boys, and so earn our lasting gratitude. I do not know how the College table was originally furnished, but I think it must have been from the leavings and rags of other tables. Till quite lately, we shook our pepper out of the same pepper-bottle (or was it a sauce-bottle originally ?) which I remember seeing and admiring as a visitor in 1900, when Davies put a tin-foil top to it, and made the necessary holes by sticking a pin through and through. I took a trip to the Fort last January, and there I saw pepper-pots among the stores, and our poverty in that particular burst on me like a flash. Now we have a pepper pot like our neighbours. And a salt-cellar too, instead of a Liebig extract pot. Chairs, too ! Till lately we were content with boxes, but nowadays we are grown so luxurious that nothing will content us but we must have chairs to sit on at meals. My predecessors used to be able to enjoy the sight of the wash-up boy all through their meals, and it is certain that the plan has some advantages, but I confess that I kicked at this, even while I still allowed it to continue, and in our comparatively new *mezani* (which Brimecombe built last year) we made room for the dishes to be licked and washed round a corner, under the eaves of the *mezani*, but screened from our view. At the same time we kept up the old connection by leaving a small opening in the reed wall, by which the "washing-up" boy is enabled to keep in quick connection with the table-boys, and is also able to keep an eye on us. But we have been quite long enough at our breakfast, and already the school-bell is going, and the students are finding their way into the building, which we are content, even in a College, to call by the unpretending name of schoolroom. A little while ago and our school bells were a mockery, and only carried as far as the nearest corner, without having strength enough to crawl round the corner, but the bell I have already noticed, from my old parish in Cardiff, and another new and



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larger one, enable us to sound forth far and wide, and to be a timekeeper for the neighbours. At 8.30 a.m. we go into school, and there we stay, with a breathing space of half an hour at 10 o'clock, until noon. The schools are threefold, that is, we have a large schoolroom, and a smaller classroom on each side of it. These three buildings are, as yet, plain buildings of the native pattern, but are pretty good of their kind, and we hope they will last till perhaps we are able to build better ones in stone. The objection to building good buildings in stone is, of course, the old one that, for a good long time to come, they are quite beyond the dreams of a native church to erect and keep up in every place.

*(To be continued.)*

## Review of the Work of the Medical Board, 1894-1904

By OSWALD A. BROWNE,  
M.D.

It has been suggested to me that it would not be without interest if I were to say a few words about the work of the Medical Board and its influence upon the health of the Mission; and the present seems an appropriate time for attempting such a review, for we have reached a point from which we are able to look back over a considerable number of years, and may so fairly claim to *begin* to look for results.

The Medical Board came into existence in 1894, and I have had as my colleagues upon the Board Dr. Ogle and Dr. John Robb, and (since Dr. Robb's resignation in 1898) Sir Patrick Manson, a man of very great reputation on all subjects connected with the diseases of tropical climates.

Our task has been to make careful selection of those allowed to join the Mission, to see and examine them upon their return to this country, and in each individual case to carefully weigh the question of their return to Africa, and



the time at which it should take place, to keep a careful record of the health of individuals, so far as possible to watch the health of various stations, to gather and analyse statistics, to create an improved public opinion, both at home and in the Mission, as regards all matters bearing on health, and the formation and gradual application of a definite policy in the matter of health precautions.

In the main it has been a very slow, gradual, perhaps almost imperceptible process, line upon line, precept upon precept, but always keeping the end in view, and patiently pressing forward towards it. The result is certainly one that is full of encouragement.

Let me say a word first as to the selection of candidates. Our rule has been that all candidates should, in the first instance, be seen privately by one or other member of the Board, then, if they seem such as are likely to be accepted, they are given forms of searching questions to be answered personally by the candidate, and his or her ordinary medical adviser. With these duly filled up they come before the Board.

During the past ten years we have examined 257 candidates. Of these, 198 have been approved and 59 have been rejected.

On arrival home from Africa each member is seen by one or other member of the Medical Board, and a careful health record is kept of each individual member. The question of return to Africa is in each case, at a later period carefully considered by the Medical Board.

During the past ten years no fewer than 27 valued members of the Mission have not been allowed to return. It is a noticeable fact that of these 27 rejections no fewer than 24 took place in the earlier years (1894-99), when a process of "weeding-out" was being actively carried on. During the latter half of the time (1899-1904) there have been only three such rejections—a notable mark of progress.

Perhaps I may here refer for a moment to the death statistics of the Mission. Out of a total number of 423 members there have, in 44 years, been in all 88 deaths.

Turning now to the last ten years. During the earlier years (1895-99, inclusive) there were 24 deaths, in the latter period (1899-1904, inclusive) only 10. The largely increased numbers of the staff should be remembered in this connection.

In 1904, we are able, thank God, to record (for the first time for more than twenty years) that no death has occurred; whilst during the last two years the death rate in the Mission has been rather less than 50 per cent.

A short narrative record will best bring out the formation and gradual application of a definite policy as regards the general health of the Mission.

In September 1894 the Medical Board held its first meeting. I think I am right in saying that there were then no stone houses in the (present) diocese of Likoma. There were nurses present only at Zanzibar and Magila.

In February 1895 the Medical Board made their first communication to the General Committee, inculcating common sense, and urging much more general observance of elementary hygienic precautions. They recommended that most careful selection should be exercised in the choice of candidates, and that the question of return to Central Africa, and of the time at which such return should take place, should in all cases be submitted to the Medical Board. They further directed attention to the large proportion of deaths that had taken place during the early years of service, and recommended that "at any rate in cases where there had been pronounced failure of health, the first furlough should take place at the close of the first two years of residence in Africa."<sup>1</sup>

In February 1896, upon the instigation of Bishop Hornby, the Medical Board (with Sir John Kirk) met to consider the question of housing in the Likoma diocese, and forwarded a communication to the Committee urging the building of stone houses at all stations throughout the diocese of Likoma.

Between March 1897 and March 1898 there were six

<sup>1</sup> In all, 51 out of 88 deaths have occurred during the first three years of service.

deaths in the Mission, and, of these, four resulted from attacks of black-water fever. A death list such as this could not be passed by in silence. I ventured at that time to write :

“ My own most strong conviction is that something has yet to be done to safeguard in every way that is possible the lives of members of the Mission, and to promote in the Mission itself a truer public opinion as to the duty, for the work’s sake, of the general observance of obvious precautions, the necessity of which has been taught, over and over again, by long and bitterly sad experience.

“ But beyond all this, one seems to see more and more clearly that the real root of the mischief lies in the fact that *the Mission is understaffed* for the work that it has in hand. Everywhere there is stress, and stress brings illness in its train. And all these deaths—what are they but the clear repeated call to the Church at home for *more workers*, for more constant intercession, for more real effort to maintain the work that these devoted men and women are doing as the representatives of, and on behalf of, the Church at home.”

In October 1898 there appeared a “ Statement of the Medical Board concerning the Health of the Mission,” signed by all the members of the Board.

In this statement we directed attention to the fact that no fewer than 45 out of a total of 74 deaths had occurred within the first three years of service, and that the liability to black-water fever was greatest during the third year in Africa, and strongly urged that the *first* furlough should in future take place at the end of the first two years of completed service in Africa. An earnest recommendation to this effect was forwarded by the General Committee to both the bishops of the Mission.

We further drew attention to the extreme risk of allowing the return to Africa of those who have had a previous attack of black-water fever, and stated that the Medical Board had been compelled to the decision that “ they cannot accept the responsibility of allowing the return to Africa of any who may have suffered a previous attack of this form of fever.”

A resolution of the General Committee fully endorsing the decision arrived at by the Medical Board was forwarded to the bishops of both dioceses.

These recommendations were accepted and adopted by both bishops.

The statement concluded in these words :

"We are, however, convinced that the main cause underlying our hitherto unfavourable health record is that the Mission *in both dioceses and at almost every station is seriously understaffed* even for the work that it at present has in hand, and that we cannot hope to witness any marked improvement in the general health of the Mission *until a very large increase has taken place in the numbers of the European staff*. Nothing could more directly tend to alleviate the present general stress which almost inevitably brings illness in its train."

During this year the general building of stone houses was commenced throughout the diocese of Likoma.

In July 1899 I was given the opportunity of speaking at the annual meeting upon the health of the Mission, and set myself to make clear the full significance of this matter of understaffing. A careful survey of the Mission, then made, revealed the amazing fact that at that time "no fewer than sixty-seven persons were urgently needed if the staff of the Mission were to be made in any way adequate *for its present work*, the adequacy being computed on the basis of 'the fewest possible' for the work then in hand, no regard at all being had to any growth, or progress, or development of work."

Now what did this mean ?

It meant, in simple truth, that almost every individual member of the Mission was normally doing the work of at least two men, and that so it had been all through the history of the Mission.

From that time to the present the record has been full of encouragement.

[c] In 1899 Dr. Robert Howard arrived at Likoma, and by the end of the next year reports that "stone or brick houses, with proper doors, and glass windows, and tiled floors, had been built at all stations in the Likoma diocese.

In his Medical Report for 1901 and 1902 (written April 1903) he is able to report :—" It is with great thankfulness that one can express the opinion that, in spite of temporary checks, there has been development all along the line.

" Throughout these two years no one was invalidated home, and no case of black-water fever occurred. Moreover, the general average of health has enormously improved of late years, and it would not be too much to say that last year (1902), which was a remarkably healthy one, the work of no member of the Mission was materially impeded through ill-health."

Between April 1901, however, and June 1902 we had sadly to record the deaths in the Zanzibar diocese of the Rev. F. Zachary, Rev. J. Nichols, and Rev. E. A. Gee.

All these deaths occurred at Masasi, and all of black-water fever. It will be remembered that the Masasi station is now the only station where "wattle and daub" houses are still clung to, and that until the present year no ladies (and so no nurses) have worked at that station.

In 1904 nurses have been sent both to Korogwe and Masasi, and we are able now to record for the first time in the history of the Mission that there are nurses working at, or very near to, every station where Europeans are living, and for the first time in the history of the Mission we are able to say that at all stations we are within sight of an adequate staff for the *existing* work of the Mission.

The present European staff of the Mission is 115.

We have now a doctor in both Dioceses, and no deaths have taken place during the present year.

#### LAUS DEO.

Looking to the future, I think the question of paramount importance is that of the maintenance, or rather increase, of the European staff. I believe the truth to be that with every addition of staff there comes a direct contribution to the health and general well-being of the whole Mission. And that, so far from holding people back from joining the Mission upon the ground of possible risk to health, the truer, saner course would be to urge them to go



forward, as the most practical contribution to the health and well-being of the whole European staff of the Mission.

The question of the housing of the missionaries at Masasi comes also into prominence at this time. A stone house for the ladies is now in process of erection.

I cannot close my remarks without directing your attention to an admirable "Medical Report upon the Health of the Missionaries on the European Staff in the Diocese of Likoma," which has reached the Medical Board from Dr. Robert Howard, and which, by the wish of the General Committee, is now being prepared for publication.

In the words of the Bishop of Likoma, "it contains all available information concerning the diocese and its members, from a health point of view, from the first beginning, as well as a description of the physical features of present and suggested stations. It is full of statistics, suggestions, and recommendations which will be of the utmost value."

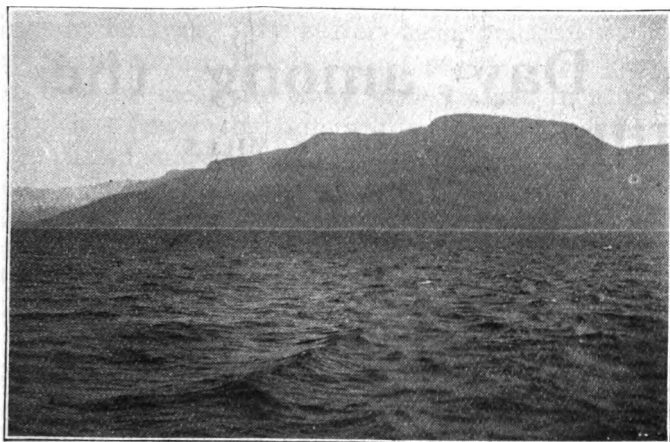
It is an exceedingly valuable document, perhaps the most valuable that has ever reached us from Africa—a work of immense labour, of great ability, and of most sound judgment, based upon wise reflection after five years of experience and of observation.

Dr. Howard strongly urges the speedy provision of a hill station, not only as a recruiting place for members of the Mission, but also as an independent centre of evangelistic, and it may be also of industrial, work. Undoubtedly the provision of such a station would contribute largely to the health of the Mission in the diocese; it would also probably prove a step of far-seeing and real economy.

But for the present the matter must wait upon a further supply of clergy. So only can the dream become a reality. May they be soon forthcoming.

*November 1, 1904.*

"The English Bible contains about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million letters. The people of this country afford to spend each year on intoxicating drink £50 for every letter in the Bible . . . Of the annual income of the United Kingdom, Sir Robert Giffin calculates that less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is spent in spiritual work, *whether at home or abroad.*"—"After a Hundred Years."



**MOUNT WALLER, LAKE NYASA.**  
*(By the kindness of the African Lakes Corporation.)*



**DISCHARGING CARGO FROM BARGE AT KARONGA'S**  
*(By the kindness of the African Lakes Corporation.)*

# A Day among the Hills

By D. Y. MILLS.

WHEN I went up to early service on October 6 at Korogwe, I saw four stalwart men sitting on their heels in the Baraza, round a wooden chair with arms, which was corded to two strong but light poles. This was to be my conveyance to the picnic which was to come off that day. Service was at 6.30. After it was over, we had a hurried breakfast, while much preparation went on below. Chairs, a tin box, a smart little green tent, a gramophone, were all strapped up ready to carry; the boys brought plates and various packages, and then with a shout the great iron cooking-pot, borne on poles, made its appearance. A word was given, the boys were all in their places in the twinkling of an eye, and, with their teachers, headed the expedition. My men hoisted me on to their shoulders and we followed; then came Miss Tirbutt and Miss Gunn walking; Padre Kisbey on a donkey came next (he had fever the beginning of the week, and was not allowed to walk), and Padre Webster and a few more boys brought up the rear. Quite a cavalcade!

What a walk we had! It was an ideal morning; the white mist still hung in veils over the tops of the mountains, which, range beyond range, towered above us on the right, while, below, the sun had kissed the flowers, burnished the leaves, and made all the trees of the wood rejoice. Large mauve convolvuluses trailed along our path, and hung in sprays and festoons from every tree and twig, and ran up the tall rushes, which grew high above our heads, on either side of the narrow footpath, bordered with bright blue lobelia, bathed in dew. Tall spikes of a pale yellow flower; starry white blossoms, rich orange African sunflower, a bloom rather like heliotrope, in three shades, and many others, flowered in rich profusion all round us; and a tree with masses of delicate white flowers relieved the darker

foliage at intervals. My bearers being practical workaday men, whose business it was to land me safe at our journey's end, thought me quite crazy when I asked them to stop and pick a flower; but afterwards they grabbed them off as we passed, and went into fits of laughter when I thanked them. Up hill we went and down dale, the road getting more and more lovely, and more and more impossible. But, by this time I had learnt implicit trust in my bearers, who never slipped or stumbled, but lowered the chair or hoisted it high as occasion required, and swung evenly along, talking and laughing as hard as they could all the time. We passed several fields of cotton, which is being much cultivated in these parts; it has a large pale yellow flower and grows about four feet high. Every now and then the trees met over our heads in a natural arch, hung with convolvuluses, and once we passed, with some difficulty, on stepping *rocks*, much too far apart, a perfectly exquisite piece of water, with trees and creepers branching right over and shading it.

But now we had come to our last hill, which *stood up straight* in front of us. The undergrowth, which had overgrown the path, had been cleared away, and it was not only steep, or rather, perpendicular, but most decidedly slippery, and—well, I just shut my eyes and held on to the arms of the chair for dear life, and only hoped I might not cut a series of somersaults backwards to the bottom. And then—we were at the top, and I breathed a small thanksgiving as the men plumped me down with a grunt of satisfaction and proceeded to compose themselves on the ground for a rest and snooze. We were on the very top of a high mountain, and looked right across to the Zigua country; more mountains rose all round us, and the view was magnificent. We were all glad to rest: the boys had fixed up the tent and put out the chairs, for you cannot very comfortably sit on the ground in Africa; red earth and white dresses have nothing in common, and there is much and varied live stock always on the creep! Magunga is a village of some fifty huts, which look like biggish haycocks; there is a small Mission school of rather superior build, presided

over by one of the Korogwe teachers. But to-day was a holiday, and there seemed to be a good many children about, while a large herd of goats occupied a central position.

Four tiny boys greatly took my fancy ; they looked from four to seven years old ; three of them wore clothing of the airiest description, which had evidently made much acquaintance with the soil and little with the water. The fourth must have had relations among the Mission boys, who endowed him with cast-off clothing, for he wore an old "shuka" and a faded red "kisibau," many sizes too large for him, and of which he was immensely proud, considering himself quite able to take his place amongst the clothed and civilized.

The chief or head-man of the village, an interesting-looking weather-beaten veteran, came to greet Padre Kisbey, and presented him with two goats, one of whom did not at all appreciate the honour done him, for with loud and protesting "baas" he broke loose four times while waiting for the pot (he was destined for the boys' food). I believe the other accompanied us home, but I saw him no more. A savoury and powerful smell of singed feathers announced the fact that chickens were being added to the bill of fare, the cooking of which was going on busily in the empty school. Meantime the Padres and teachers organized some races for the boys, which they ran with great energy ; the prizes were knives, scissors, handkerchiefs, pencil and pen boxes, and exercise books.

We were getting extremely hungry, for it was now nearly 11 o'clock, so Miss Tirbutt and Miss Gunn went off to choose a site for our lunch a little outside the village circle, and as all the eatables were cold it did not take long to get it ready. About the same time the boys had their dinner, which seemed to be a tasty affair, to judge by the smell and their apparent enjoyment.

After we had all fed, the gramophone was produced and set up on a tub, in the very middle of the village, and every one was invited to come and hear. Soon they were all crowding round it ; the chief and his principal retainers formed the first row, sitting on their heels, and the boys

stood at the back. I wished Miss Dunford had been with us to take a photograph.

It was so interesting, watching their faces ; at first they were a little frightened and did not quite know what to make of it, and they were very still and solemn ; but when the thing began to laugh it was quite irresistible, and they all began to laugh with it, and after that they thoroughly enjoyed the concert !

We had a good rest and then some tea, and as the shadows began to lengthen, throwing lovely lights and shades on hill and dale, we packed up and, with a general “ Kwa heri ” all round, turned our steps homewards, where we arrived in good time before it was dark, not too tired after our most enjoyable day.

## “ Central Africa ” By T.

THAT *Central Africa* is far from being a perfect magazine we know—the *perfect* Missionary Magazine has yet to be published. Amid the multitude of magazines dealing with Missionary subjects, whether of particular or general interest, not one has reached the ideal, to our mind. The *Intelligencer* of the C.M.S. holds the field undoubtedly as the best written and the most ably conducted of all the Missionary magazines which we know. No one can read it any month without being educated, and feeling elevated and thankful for the inspiration which it leaves ; but it is an account of events mainly dealing with one view of the Church’s missionary work.

Like all other magazines dealing with a particular mission, *Central Africa* aims at bringing home to its readers a record of events in that part of Africa where the mission works ; but it also endeavours to put its readers in possession of the best means of assisting that work, and for that purpose a certain number of its pages every month are occupied with notices dealing with home organization.

You want to write to your friend in the Mission, and you desire to know where he or she is located. The cover of *Central Africa* faithfully states month by month, not only where your friend or relative is, but when you should write, and how you should direct your letter—even how much postage you will have to pay.

Have you sent a parcel to some friend—some gift of garments—something needed at a particular station—a book, a bell, a clock, a football? *Central Africa* acknowledges its receipt in due course. You may have to wait for the acknowledgment it is true, but it will appear, though, it may be, after many days! *Central Africa* teaches the lesson of patience.

Your friend is coming home perhaps. You know it by the word "TRAV." against his name; or, it may be, he is home, and you would like his or her address. You will find it in *Central Africa*, and if you possess that magazine, as you certainly should, you may be saved the penny stamp, or perhaps even a sixpenny telegram, which asks for information which *Central Africa* alone supplies. *Central Africa*, wisely and intelligently studied, provides for all contingencies. Do you want to know who is the organizing secretary of your district? It is in *Central Africa* each month. Some one asks you how many members there are in the Mission, and when each joined. It is noted in *Central Africa*. Has the Mission a telegraphic address? Open your drawer and take out *Central Africa* and you have it at once.

Who has been longest in the Mission of all foreign missionaries? it is asked by a stranger; and a slight investigation of the dates given at the side of each member's name recalls the fact that Archd. Woodward joined in 1875. How many African clergy have you? is inquired; and the second page of the magazine informs you immediately, and also tells you which are deacons and which are priests.

"I wish I knew the address of the lady who collects for the Hospital Fund," you say, or "Who is the lady who manages the Coral League?" or "to whom can I write for information about African garments, or the League of

Associates?" All this is to be found in *Central Africa*, and much more. Some one tells you books and newspapers are highly valued by the missionaries, and you would know if there is any one who manages this; the cover of *Central Africa* tells you that Miss Dodgson, the Chestnuts, Guildford, will receive and forward such things, or will tell you, at any rate, how yourself to forward any book or paper to any part of the Mission. If you or any friends collect stamps (and stamps, by the by, are an excellent present to a boy)—the secretary of the Stamp Club, whose address is always given in *Central Africa*, will send you on approval all kinds of stamps, not only those of Central Africa, but all parts of the world, and his address will be useful not only to those who want to buy, but also to those who would like to give, for the Mission makes money by stamps. If you wish to present a Christmas, or birthday, or even a wedding present, *Central Africa* tells of mats, made of coloured grass, cunningly woven in Zanzibar, and admirably adapted for this purpose, and it gives also the price of horns, and spears, and African curiosities of many kinds. We are even not ashamed of advertizing post cards! Wise people make use of our pages to advertize their wares, and many wants may be supplied by just looking at *Central Africa*. It is surprising to us how often questions are asked which *Central Africa* answers, and so we beg you to take in and read our Magazine. Last year you would have seen your contribution acknowledged in *Central Africa*, but it has been decided to omit these lists of figures, in consequence of the fact that they doubled the cost of printing. Henceforth they will only appear in the Annual Report. We are trying to improve our magazine, and to make it even more readable—more up-to-date as it is called. It is true we are restricted to a small part of Africa, but, small part as it is, there is much to be learned from it, much to be done in it. It has many wants; it needs money and workers; it asks to be known, to be studied; it appeals for your aid. Will you, then, in this coming year, read *Central Africa* as carefully as you can, and, above all, will you read it in



such manner that the little slip which is inserted each month within its pages, and is a record of Thanksgiving and Intercession, may be used intelligently, that your petitions may reach the Throne of Grace not only with your voice, but from your very heart and soul. Say "I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

## Post Bag

### ZANZIBAR.

BISHOP HINE, writing on November 9, tells us that he was photographed recently, with Archdeacon Woodward, Canon Porter, Miss Thackeray, and Miss Mills. Their united years of life in Africa amounted to 121—an average of 24 years each. And all in good health!

|                     |   |   |   |    |        |
|---------------------|---|---|---|----|--------|
| Archdeacon Woodward | . | . | . | 29 | years. |
| Miss Thackeray      | . | . | . | 27 | "      |
| Miss Mills          | . | . | . | 25 | "      |
| Mr. Porter          | . | . | . | 24 | "      |
| The Bishop          | . | . | . | 16 | "      |

His Lordship also tells us that he installed Archdeacon Woodward and Canon Porter in the Cathedral on November 8. "Canon Porter," he says, "has the stall dedicated to St. George, to keep in memory, in future years, the fact that it was from the English Church that the Mission originated. Archdeacon Woodward's stall is that of Holy Cross, in reference to the dedication of Magila Church. All the members of the Chapter have now been installed except Archdeacon Carnon and Bishop Richardson (who, we fear, can never be installed in person, as he is not likely to visit Zanzibar again)."

The Bishop adds: "By request of the Captain of H.M.S. *Terpsichore*, the bluejackets came to the Cathedral on the first Sunday in November, there being no Chaplain on the ship. It is hoped that it may be possible to continue the Church Service for them, in the Cathedral on Sundays, as used to be the custom some years ago, when H.M.S. *Philomel* was stationed in Zanzibar."

# Editor's Note Book

“*Ring in the new.*” This is the month of new beginnings ; the world, as it were, opens a fresh page in her history and seals up the old one with a sigh.

So we, too, are making a fresh start. An old leaf has been closed in the records of *Central Africa*, and the new one, as yet unmarred by printers' errors, or Editor's Notes, lies open before us.

At last, after months and years of waiting, we have a new cover, and some new and necessary alterations in the arrangement of our Magazine.

With regard to the cover, I should like to say that it is the generous gift of Mr. Hallam Murray, and was designed under his special supervision at considerable cost and trouble to himself. And we all owe him most hearty thanks for his sympathetic interest and valuable help.

There may be, there almost certainly will be, many to whom the old cover and the old type and the old style had become endeared by time and precious associations. Most of us like old things best. Some of us are a little proud of the fact. But there were many considerations which pointed to a need of change. Our cover had seen long service, and it was neither a true nor an artistic picture of Zanzibar to-day, while Nyasa had no place on it at all.

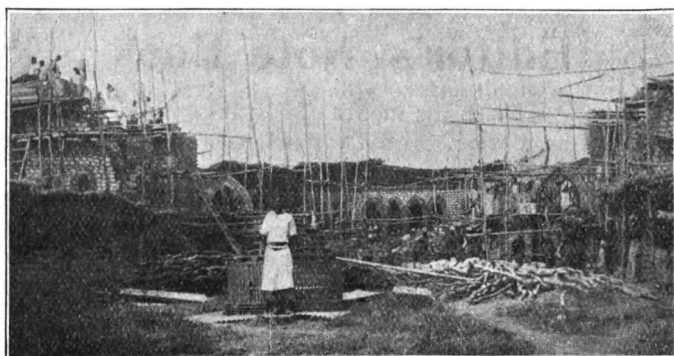
It is a very cheering thing to be able to print that message from our revered President on our first page ; may his “*God-speed*” find an echo in the goodwill of all our friends.

*Our Penny Catechism.* Our Catechism is ready at last ! You must have heard of it. It has been in the making since early last summer. And now it is made, perhaps its chief charm lies in its incompleteness. There is a suggestiveness about this incompleteness. For one thing it stimulates thought in ourselves and in our friends.

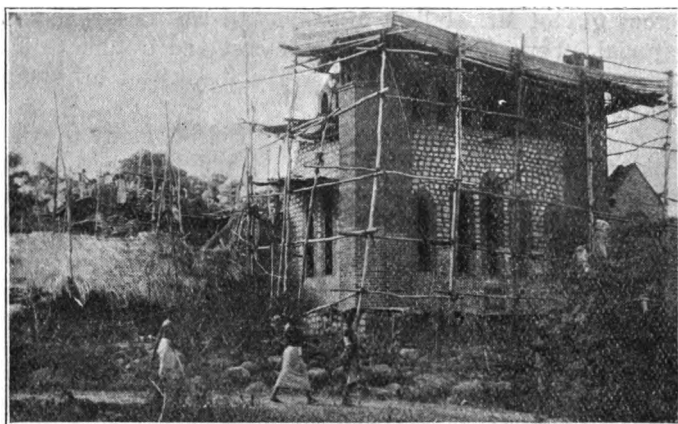
While we were in the throes of compilation, and taxed beyond our very moderate capacity to answer certain of the one hundred questions we wished to propound (and, by the way, a Catechism is far more difficult to write than an examination paper, because in it you have to answer your own questions), we invited suggestions from readers of *Central Africa*, and received many kind and thoughtful replies.

But one problem had met with no very happy solution even when we went to press : “*Why is the Slave Trade wrong ?*”

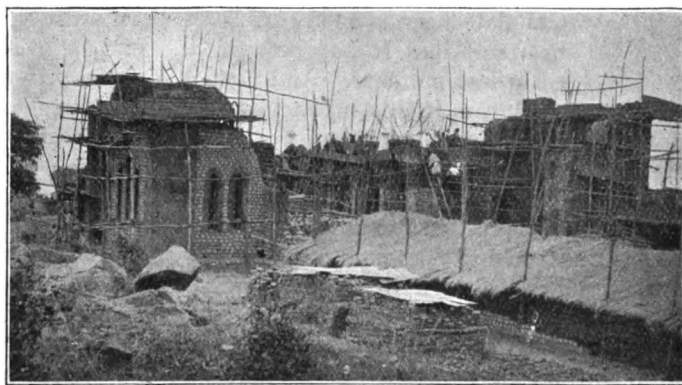
# BUILDING THE CATHEDRAL AT LIKOMA.



THE CHANCEL.



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT.



THE NORTH AND SOUTH TRANSEPTS AND CHOIR (GRASS ROOF  
PROTECTING AISLE WALLS .

Since then I have received an answer far more illuminating than that at present standing in the Catechism, and one which, in any new edition, we shall be careful to substitute for our own.

In the Catechism the answer stands: "The Slave Trade is wrong because man has no right to buy and sell his brother man."

But Mr. Weston, with his characteristic clear-sightedness, looks into the very heart of the matter.

He writes: "*The Slave Trade is wrong because it treats a child of God as the property of a man.*"

## Home Jottings

The comparative statement of the amounts received for the General Fund for the first eleven months of this and the three previous years is as follows—

| 1901.      | 1902.   | 1903.      | 1904.   |
|------------|---------|------------|---------|
| £16,694 .. | £13,790 | £13,563 .. | £12,487 |

Two kind friends have sent us £25 each towards the deficit, and altogether we have received, in answer to our appeal, close on £500. It will be seen, however, that we are still £1,076 behind last year's amount for the corresponding months, and by the time these words are read, it will be less than a month before we close our books for the year. We trust that, when we make our statement in February *Central Africa*, we may be able to report an increase, however small. It is seven years since our General Fund was so low as it is now.

A Report, compiled by Dr. Robert Howard, of the Medical work at Nyasa, intended, in the first instance, for the Medical Board of the Mission, has now been printed, and copies may be had from the office, price 2s. 6d. net. It chiefly treats of the period between 1899–1904, during which time Dr. Howard has lived at Nyasa. If the rules and suggestions laid down by Dr. Howard with regard to mosquitoes, etc., were followed, without doubt most attacks of fever might be avoided, and the lives of residents in malarial districts would be rendered comparatively safe.

**Arrivals.**—Miss Molesworth and Miss Barnard, from Zanzibar, arrived November 18; Canon and Mrs. Dale, December 1.

**Departures.**—Mr. R. E. Pegge, and his nephew, Mr. W. E. Tomes, left for Africa November 19. Mr. Tomes, of Rugby, who has just passed his examination for membership in the Society of Architects, goes out to build the permanent Church at Masasi. His offer will give great satisfaction to those friends who contributed to the building fund of that Church.

**"Central Africa."**—The index, title-page, frontispiece for the 1904 volume are now ready, and may be had gratis from the office. Covers for binding either *Central Africa* or *African Tidings* 7d. each.

**The financial year** closes on January 15. Money for the 1904 account must be received on or before that date.

**Many important notices** that have hitherto appeared in the body of the Magazine will appear in future on the pages of the cover. Please do not overlook this part of our paper.

## WANTS

*Please communicate with the Office to prevent gifts being sent twice over.*

**The Hospital.**—Old linen *always* urgently needed for our hospitals for bandages and dressing. Between twenty and thirty bandages are used daily. Any rolled bandages would be most gratefully received.

S.S. "C.M."—Forty footballs, please, for forty villages. Twelve cas-socks for men.

**Dresses and Garments.**—KILIMANI wants at once forty-eight large men's kisibaus, 30 to 36 inches long from the *shoulder*, of striped blue or grey galatea, and thirty-six kanzus, 58 to 62 inches long. KIUNGANI requires kanzus for boys of 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 10 in., and kisibaus. KOTA KOTA wants kisibaus, 22 inch and upwards, and teiteis. The s.s. *Chauncy Maples*, kisibaus, white preferred, more large than small. PEMBA requires dresses for girls aged ten to thirteen, and short kanzus for men; no kisibaus. KOLOGWE wants 27, 28, 29, and 30 inch kisibaus, white and coloured. Sr. MONICA's, teiteis, various sizes, in white and blue; large bright coloured handkerchiefs, some unhemmed; twenty-four men's kanzus; twenty-four men's kisibaus, 34 inches, coloured and white; twelve each of boys' kisibaus, 22 inch, 24 inch, 26 inch; three dozen coloured kanzus for children three to eight years old. MPONDA's requires kanzus and small strong bags. MASASI, kisibaus, 29, 32, and 34 inches, white and coloured, especially the latter.

MRS. FISHER WATSON, Coombe Road, Croydon, asks for fancy tin biscuit boxes to send to Africa. They are much appreciated by the children.

# CENTRAL AFRICA

## A MONTHLY RECORD OF THE WORK OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION

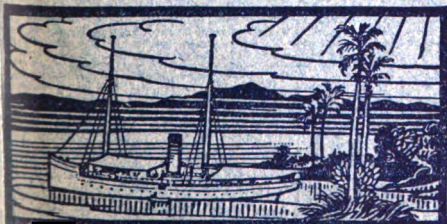


**FEBRUARY**

**1905**

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No. 266 PRICE ONE PENNY

**S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.**



# UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

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REMITTANCES sent to the Head Office should be made payable to "The Secretary, U.M.C.A.," and crossed "DRUMMONDS."

## Mail Days, &c., February, 1905.

|        |   |    |   |
|--------|---|----|---|
| Feb. 2 | Letters expected ( <i>German</i> ).         | 12 | Letters expected ( <i>British</i> ).                      |
| 3      | Mail to all parts ( <i>via Genoa</i> ).     | 16 | Letters expected ( <i>French</i> ).                       |
| 7      | Parcel Post to Zanzibar.                    | 17 | Mail to Zanzibar ( <i>via Brindisi</i> ).                 |
| 8      | Mail to Zanzibar ( <i>via Marseilles</i> ). | 17 | Mail to Zanzibar, Nyasa, and Tanga ( <i>via Naples</i> ). |
| 11     | Letters expected ( <i>German</i> ).         |    |   |

For Nyasa every Friday *via Cape Town*. For Zanzibar every Friday *via Aden*.

Country Correspondents must post one day earlier.

N.B.—Parcels for Africa should be sent to Office directly they are ready: they are despatched once a month.

## "AFRICAN TIDINGS" illustrated, for FEBRUARY, contains—

TOLD BY THE BIG BELL.

AN AFRICAN CHIEFTAINNESS.

NATIVE OCCUPATIONS AT MASASI.

HOW MBWENI INFANTS KEPT ST. LUKE'S

THE LADDER OF LENT.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

[DAY.

Price One Halfpenny.

## The Mission Staff.

### Bishops.

Zanzibar.—Right Rev. JOHN EDWARD HINE, M.D.—1888.

Likoma.—Right Rev. GERARD TROWER.—1902.

### Archdeacons.

Nyasa.—Johnson, W. Percival '76—"C.M."

Magila.—Woodward, Herbert W. '75—Mag.

Zanzibar.—Evans, Frederick J. '97—Mas.

Masasi.—Carnon, Alfred H. '90—Mas.

### Priests.

|                                      |                                      |                                       |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| *Abdallah, Yohanna .. .. '94—Unan.   | Glossop, Arthur G. B. .. .. '93—Eng. | Piercy, William C. .. .. '02—Kota.    |
| Baines, Philip H. .. .. '90—Mbw.     | Harrison, Wm. Guy .. .. '99—Mag.     | Porter, Canon Wm. C. .. .. '03—Mas.   |
| Barney, Herbert .. .. '99—Eng.       | Jenkin, Albert M. .. .. '05—Trav.    | Prior, Robert .. .. '00—Pemb.         |
| Brent, James W. .. .. '95—Mbw.       | Kisbey, Walter H. .. .. '03—Kor.     | *Sehoza, Samuel .. .. '04—Mis.        |
| *Chiponde, Samuil .. .. '98—Mkun.    | *Limo, Petro .. .. '03—Mkuzi.        | Smith, Evelyn B. L. .. .. '84—Eng.    |
| Dale, Canon G. .. .. '89 & '02—Eng.  | *Machina, Daudi .. .. '95—Chun.      | Spurling, Henry W. .. .. '02—Zan.     |
| Davies, Caradoc .. .. '08—Mal.       | MacKay, Malcolm .. .. '86—Mik.       | Suter, Walter B. .. .. '01—Mal.       |
| De la Pryme, Alex. G. .. .. '99—Eng. | *Majandu, Cecil .. .. '01—Ny. Col.   | Webster, William G. .. .. '00—Kiz.    |
| Douglas, Arthur J. .. .. '03—Lik.    | Marsh, Richard H. .. .. '01—Ny. Col. | Weston, Chancr. Frank .. .. '98—Kium. |
| Eyre, C. Benson .. .. '96—Mpon.      | Pearse, Francis E. .. .. '00—Kium.   | White, Joseph C. .. .. '97—Mag.       |
| Frewer, Cyril C. .. .. '03—Pemb.     | Philpotts, John G. .. .. '94—"C.M."  |                                       |

### Deacons.

|                                    |                                    |                                   |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| *Ambali, Augustine .. .. '98—Msum. | *Malisawa, Eustace .. .. '98—Chia. | *Ngaweje, Silvano .. .. '03—Chun. |
| *Chitenji, Cypriani .. .. '95—Mal. | *Mey, John B. .. .. '07—Kich.      | *Saidi, John .. .. '02—Mag.       |
| Clarke, John P. .. .. '99—Trav.    | *Mkandu, Yustino .. .. '01—Mas.    | *Swedi, John .. .. '00—Mbw.       |
| *Kamungu, Leonard .. .. '02—Lung.  | *Msigala, Kolumba .. .. '01—Mwiti. | *Usufu, Daniell .. .. '01—Chiw.   |

### Laymen.

|                                     |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
| Baker, Frank H. .. .. '04—Kiz.      | Knight, George W. E. .. .. '02—Eng. | Russell, Walter E. .. .. '93—Mkun.      |
| Brimecombe, Alfred .. .. '02—Trav.  | Ladbury, Harry E. .. .. '01—Kota.   | Sargent, Alfred G. H. .. .. '03—Mal.    |
| Brookway, Thomas .. .. '90—Eng.     | Lydon, Samuel .. .. '04—Mkun.       | Sharp, Gustav C. .. .. '03—Pemb.        |
| Crabb, Albert H. .. .. '02—Eng.     | *McLean, Charles .. .. '02—Mag.     | Sluis, George .. .. '95—Mas.            |
| Craft, Ernest A. .. .. '02—Mpon.    | MacLennan, John E. .. .. '04—Mag.   | Spurr, Albert K. W. .. .. '03—Ny. Coll. |
| Deorr, William E. .. .. '02—Eng.    | Makins, Arthur .. .. '98—Eng.       | Swinerton, Robert .. .. '00—"C.M."      |
| George, Frank .. .. '99—Lik.        | Moffatt, Ronald .. .. '99—Mkun.     | Tomas, William E. .. .. '04—Mas.        |
| Harrison, Charles H. .. .. '03—Mas. | Partridge, James H. .. .. '02—Trav. | Wilcocks, Louis .. .. '03—Lik.          |
| Howard, Charles R. .. .. '04—Mag.   | Pegge, Richard E. .. .. '02—Mbw.    |   |
| Howard, Robert .. .. '99—Lik.       | Roskelley, Fredk. M. .. .. '04—Ny.  |   |

### Ladies.

|  |                                     |  |
|--|-------------------------------------|--|
| Abdy, Dora C. .... '02—St. Mon.        | Foden, Frances Ellen .. .. '05—Zan. | Newton, Mary .. .. '00—Kota.                 |
| Andrews, Mary A. .... '98—St. Kat.     | Foxley, Alice .. .. '94—Eng.        | Phillips, Janet .. .. '97—St. Kat.           |
| Armstrong, Mary .. .. '01—Lik.         | Gibbons, Annie .. .. '99—Mag.       | Phillips, Laura .. .. '93—St. Mon.           |
| Barraud, M. Mabel .. .. '97—Pemb.      | Goffe, Amelia .. .. '03—Hosp.       | Pope, Florence .. .. '03—Hosp.               |
| Berkeley, Margaret A. .... '89—Trav.   | Gunn, Louisa .. .. '02—Mag.         | Rich, Louisa .. .. '05—Hosp.                 |
| Blackburne, Gert. E. .... '98—Kor.     | Holloway, Georgina E. .... '93—Mas. | Rogers, Flora E. .. .. '02—Eng.              |
| Boorn, Amy .. .. '98—Kor.              | Hopkins, Sarah .. .. '01—Mbw.       | Saunders, Caroline L. .... '93—Hosp.         |
| Bowen, Margaret A. .... '00—St. Mon.   | Howes, Margaret E. .... '02—Pemb.   | Schofield, Martha .. .. '99—Mal.             |
| Brewerton, Hannah .. .. '92—Hosp.      | Jameson, Jane E. .. .. '00—Kor.     | Sharpe, Ada M. .. .. '95—Mas.                |
| Bulley, Mary W. .. .. '03—Lik.         | La Cour, Mabel A. .. .. '02—Mbw.    | Smith, Katharine H. Nixon .. .. '01—Ny.      |
| Candy, Katharine .. .. '04—Hosp.       | Lewis, Lucy H. .. .. '03—Kium.      | Stevens, Maude B. R. .... '97—Kil.           |
| Choveaux, Josephine .. .. '99—St. Mon. | Lloyd, Margaret E. .. .. '01—Kium.  | Taylor, Louise .. .. '96—Pemb.               |
| Clutterbuck, Eva .. .. '94—Mas.        | Mann, Norah L. .. .. '01—Kota.      | Thackeray, Caroline .. .. '77—Zan.           |
| Coates, Caroline M. .... '03—St. Kat.  | Matthew, Jessie H. .... '03—Mal.    | Tirbitt, Phoebe H. .... '04—Kor.             |
| Dale, Janet (Mrs.) .. .. '02—Eng.      | Medil, Hilila .. .. '02—Eng.        | Walker, Margaret .. .. '02—Mag.              |
| Dunford, Lizzie M. .... '95—Mag.       | Mills, Dore Vinton .. .. '02—Kil.   | Wallace, Mary .. .. '02—Mag.                 |
| Ellis, Winemina .. .. '03—Hosp.        | Minter, E. Kathleen .. .. '98—Kota. | Ward, M. Frances E. .... '01—Mbw.            |
| Page, Mabel .. .. '04—Ny.              | Molesworth, Mary A. .... '99—Eng.   | White, Katharine M. .... '02—Eng.            |
| Field, Edith A. .... '99 & '03—Mbw.    | Murton, Alice S. .... '01—Ny.       | Williams, Priscilla E. (Mrs.) .. .. '02—Eng. |

Assisted by 16 Native Readers and 232 Teachers.

EUROPEANS—118; AFRICANS 265. Total—383.

\* These are Native Clergy

# CENTRAL AFRICA.

No. 266, XXIV.]

FEBRUARY, 1905.

[PRICE 1d.]

## Comparative Statement of Funds.

THE Amount received for the General Fund to December 31 is £17,137, being £881 *less than the amount received in* 1903, as will be seen from the following comparative statement :—

| 1901       | 1902.      | 1903.      | 1904.   |
|------------|------------|------------|---------|
| £21,534 .. | £18,251 .. | £18,018 .. | £17,137 |

At the same time special funds show an increase :—

| 1901.    | 1902.     | 1903.     | 1904.  |
|----------|-----------|-----------|--------|
| £7,672 — | £6,991 .. | £7,412 .. | £7,992 |

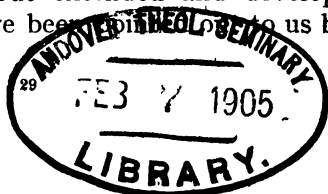
The total receipts for the twelve months are therefore £25,129.

| 1901.      | 1902.      | 1903.      | 1904.   |
|------------|------------|------------|---------|
| £29,206 .. | £25,242 .. | £25,553 .. | £25,129 |

A comparison of the above figures shows that the amount received for the year is £424 *less than* in 1903.

The magazine has to go to press before we are able to record the amount received between January 1 and 15, and it depends upon this whether we shall make up the deficit in the General Fund. By the time, however, these lines are read our fate will have been decided, and we shall know whether we have gone backwards or forwards in our General Fund receipts. If, unhappily, we do fall short of our last year's income, we must strive the harder to make up for it this year. It must not be for a moment thought that we are ungrateful for the efforts that have been made for the Mission during the past year; we are anxious the work should not only be sustained, but extended and developed in those directions which have been pointed out to us by the Bishops.

T.

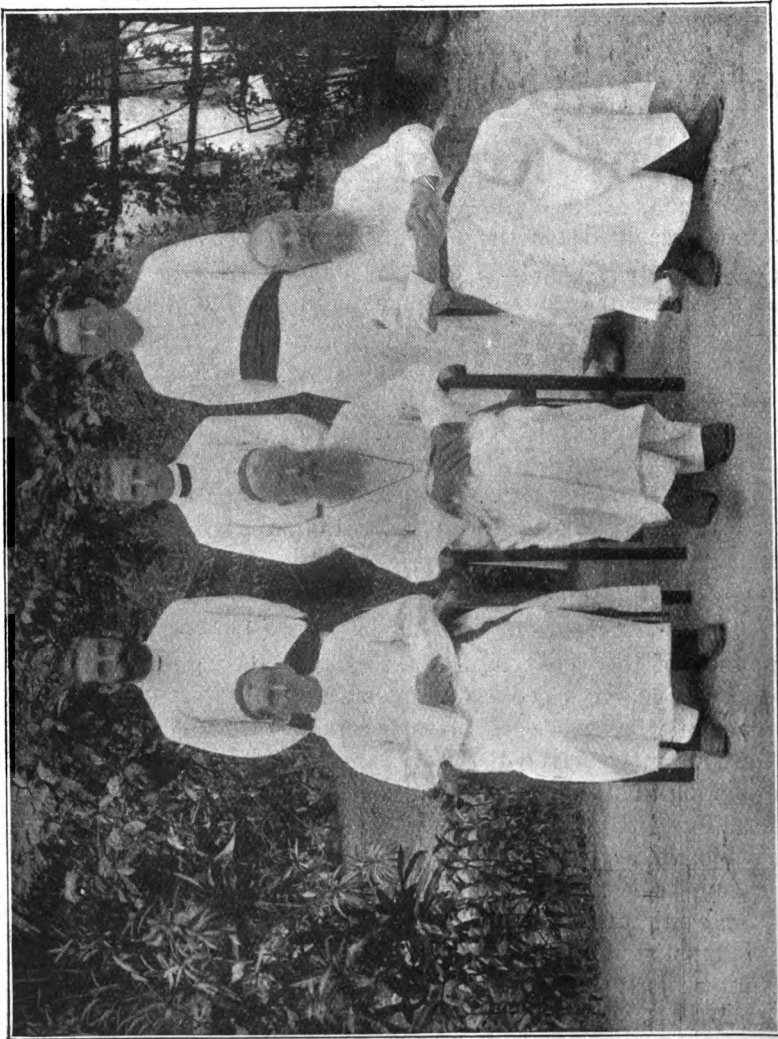




Archdeacon Evans.

Canon Dale.

Rev. Chancellor Weston.



Archdeacon Woodward. The Bishop of Zanzibar.

Canon Porter

**SOME MEMBERS OF ZANZIBAR CATHEDRAL CHAPTER.**

# Through the Zigua Plain

By the BISHOP OF ZANZIBAR.

I HAVE just finished two long walks in the Usambara mountains; the first about eighty miles from Korogweby Kizara to Misozwe, which I reached just before St. Luke's Day in time to consecrate the Church, now completed, on that festival; and the second from Korogwe to Vuga, and thence down into the Zigua plain, a distance of some 120 miles. I wish to write a few words about this second journey, as I know Padre Webster has already sent home an account of the former one. He and I left Korogwe October 25, sleeping the first night at Kwa Sigi on the Luvu river, where we have a small stone school and church, built in Mr. Chambers' time. Thence we began to climb the West Usambara hills—a very steep path most of the way—and in six hours we reached Bungu, a station of the Lutheran mission, where Pastor Langheinrich and his wife kindly took us in and received us with every hospitality. I had wished for some time past to visit the Lutheran missions and make a personal acquaintance with the workers and to see something of their work. Near Bungu, higher up the hills, is the village of Mlungui, where Mr. Kisbey began a school and placed a teacher, but from which we felt bound to withdraw when we found that the Lutheran Mission men were already at work in the district and had bought land at Bungu with a view to forming a station there. I shall speak of this matter later on. Mlungui certainly is magnificently situated on the brow of the great hills looking down over the Zigua plains; it is a good-sized village as Shambala villages go, and the school has an attendance of about 120 children. It seemed very flourishing under the charge of a teacher trained at the chief station of the Lutheran Mission.

On the next day we walked on to Vuga, about twenty-four miles—on high ground most of the way, commanding

grand views in every direction, along an excellent road made by the missionaries on the sides of the hills. The keen, clear, fresh air up at this elevation made one feel quite vigorous again, varying between 3,000 feet and 4,000 feet all the day, with abundant streams of icy cold water along the road. The population is still as it always was, but scanty. One sees only a few small villages on the tops of the hills here and there, with vast stretches of uninhabited land between—land which as yet has not been turned into plantations such as one found everywhere in East Usambara district. But the Lutherans have done a great work in road-making and in irrigation, and no doubt in time the cultivation will begin to show itself. We reached Vuga in the afternoon, and were received with that abundant hospitality and considerate kindness which made me think I must have got back again to Blantyre or Kundowe. Those familiar with the history of the Mission will remember that Vuga was a famous place in old days—the seat of the great chief Kimweri whom Bishop Smythies visited in 1893. Still earlier than that, in 1848, it was visited twice by Dr. Krapf—a member of C.M.S.—who even at that early date spoke of it as a suitable place for mission work, and made a number of practical suggestions as to the way in which such work should be carried on. (Cf. Dr. Krapf's *Travels in East Africa*, p. 405.) Now, of course, the conditions are quite different. The elephants and giraffes and rhinoceroses which Dr. Krapf writes about as having seen on his journey have, like Kimweri and his dynasty, all passed away. The old Vuga hill, once a great town, has but a few native huts now on the top of it, and fine roads, and water-courses and gardens and mission buildings, centring round a little homely church, all speak of the coming of another power and the dawning of a higher life in what was less than twenty years ago one of the dark places of the earth.

I had the pleasure of meeting the superintendent, Pastor Johanssen, here; he, at much inconvenience to himself, I fear, having made a special effort to get over from a distant station to see me. There were many other members of the Mission there also; German, English, Shambala and Swahili

being the languages one heard all being spoken at the table at the same time. I went round the Mission buildings—the church, quite plain, of course, but with the large crucifix and the two candles on the altar, such as one is accustomed to see in the old Lutheran churches in Germany; the schools and class-rooms, the carpenters' shops and other industrial works, and the beautiful gardens, with so many familiar and homely English (perhaps I should say *German*) flowers: roses, snapdragons, geraniums, violets, etc.; and what struck one as unusual in Africa more than anything else—the great dish of beautiful strawberries, which, grown in the gardens, was brought on for dessert.

After the evening meal the Mission children came in for a short service, singing very nicely some Shambala hymns in harmony to old German hymn tunes, and one of the Mission staff, who conducted the service, gave them an address, in which he referred with much sympathy to us and our work as being essentially one with their own.

In the Mission Atlas (p. 26) there is a reference to the work of our Lutheran brothers which I am glad to have the opportunity of correcting. "The German Protestant Missions are not so successful [as the Roman Catholic Missions] being on a smaller scale, with less able missionaries, and often amounting to little more than a family party of a few native children, who are taught housework and religion." This certainly is by no means the case now—if it was ever the case in the past—though, after all, to teach "housework and religion" is by no means a task to be despised; but our Lutheran brethren and sisters do much more than this: and I am now able from personal knowledge of their methods and of the results they have produced to speak in very different terms of their work. For one thing they have thoroughly mastered the Shambala language, and have published a number of useful works in it, both educational and religious. Their schools seem efficient and carefully managed, and the attendance of the children is certainly excellent. Their gardens and shambas, their fine roads and excellent system of irrigation, bringing an abundant and constant

supply of beautiful fresh water to their doors by channels carefully cut in the sides of the hills and extending for miles : all this points to something more than the formation of a "mere family party and a few native children." And if the Lutheran missionaries are "less able" than the Roman missionaries (which I very much doubt—which I might say I entirely deny), they are at any rate quite as good as we are, and with less opportunities, and probably with less resources, are doing in their own way a work every bit as useful and as thorough as our own.

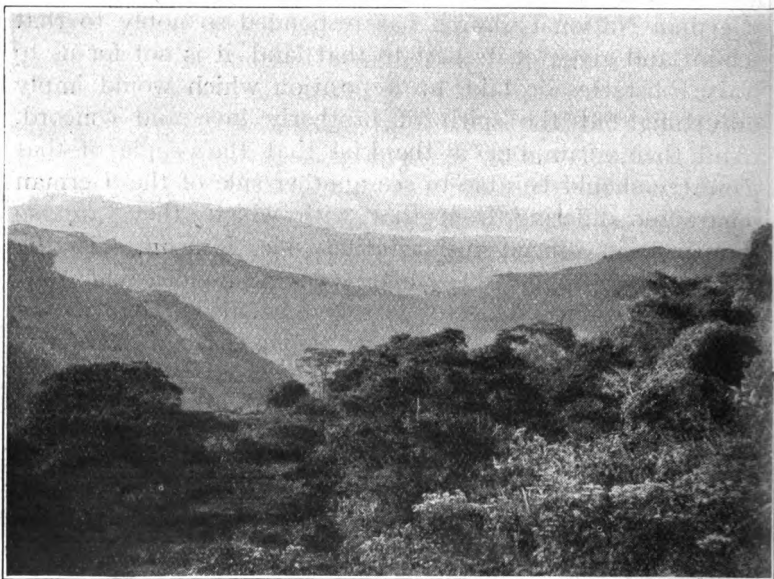
The matter which has caused us some trouble and correspondence in the last year has had reference to the respective "spheres of influence" of the Universities' Mission and the Lutheran Mission in these Shambala hills. We cannot forget that in some respects we had the first claim on the country. Dr. Krapf was a missionary of the Church of England, not of the Lutheran Church ; and in early days Bishop Steere published a collection of Shambala words with a view to developing mission work in this country. Bishop Smythies visited Kimweri the chief in 1893, and it was only by chance, so to speak, that the original missionaries settled in the Bonde lowlands and not in the Shambala hills. However, they did actually settle at Magila, and began from that point instead of from the higher and more healthy European-like district of which Vuga was the chief centre. Looking back over twenty years, it seems a pity that the opportunity was lost ; and the Church of England has now no footing in a land which might once have been her own. But we hold the *East Usambara* still : of this, Kizara is the centre, and before many months I am hoping Padre Webster will be able to move up there and settle in the brick house that has recently been built. Various villages with teachers and large schools are dependent on Kizara, and I hope it may develop into a strong centre of Church life. From West Usambara we have withdrawn all claim. There the Lutheran missionaries are settled, and we have no wish whatever to clash with them or to interfere with their good work. We have withdrawn from the only school (Mlungui) which had been started in the district, and a

considerable stretch of uninhabited country divides the two districts of East and West Usambara from each other.

Speaking as "the bishop," I cannot but regret that the Church has lost that fine land and that another form of Christianity is getting established there; for with all my admiration for the Lutheran Protestant Church and its missionaries and its labours, I cannot but feel (conscientiously) that in some points which we hold to be essential it falls short. But it is German territory, and the Church of Germany has a claim on it prior to our own; and as the German National Church has responded so nobly to that claim and given of its best to that land, it is not for us to raise obstacles or take up a position which would imply anything but the spirit of brotherly love and concord. And then, again, one is thankful that the people of that country should be able to see another side of the German character differing from that with which they are so familiar—its official authoritative side, I mean. To the mass of the people "a German" conveys no idea than that of a ruler, a tax collector, a severe master. Here in the Usambara hills they see the same strong German character, but brought under the discipline of Christ—the religious Christian German, men and women, giving themselves with a whole-hearted devotion to the work of saving souls and building up a Christian society and teaching "housework and religion," if you like, but the "housework" of the family of God, and the one "religion" of the Cross of Christ.

We left Vuga on October 29, and climbed down the hills to the plain and then had a long and very tiring journey into the Zigua country. From a village called Kalamo, not far from the Luvu river, to Mai-yuyu is a distance of nearly fifty miles across a district described with the ominous name of "Nyika tupu" = naked wilderness. It is a land of almost no water, and no shade. Scrubby thorn-bushes and hard sunbaked ridges and dry clay to walk over—a land to get through as soon as you can with the feeling "never again" very prominent in your mind. One place

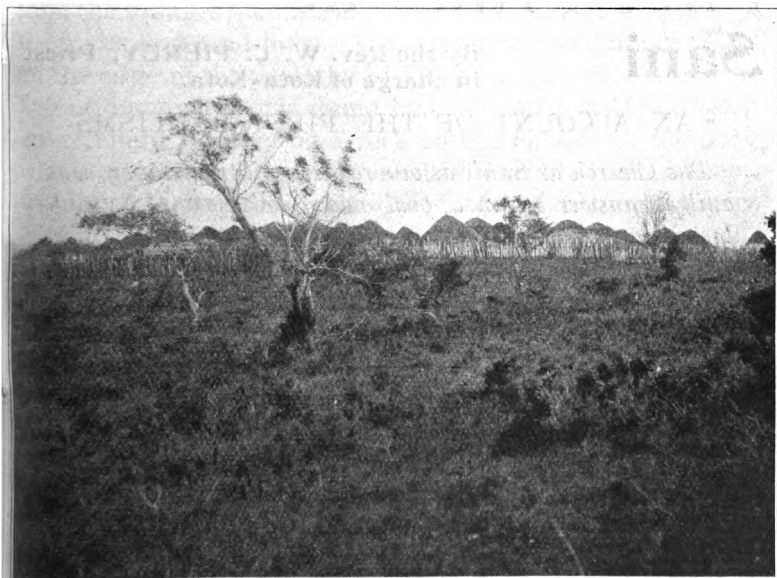
we had to sleep at, the only water for twenty miles, known as Kwa Kihengele, consisted of two large pools of stagnant water, green and slimy ; visited every other day for drinking purposes by the large herds of cattle and goats which the Ziguas keep in distant villages—water, moreover, in which all passing natives seem to feel bound to bathe. This was our only possible drinking water ; but in Africa one gets hardened, and, after all, tea tastes much the same no matter what it is made with. Up on the hills we had plenty of rain



VIEW FROM VUGIRI (NEAR KOROGWE) LOOKING NORTH.

off and on, but the rains have not yet reached the plains, and the end of the dry season is a trying time in such a country as this. However, we reached Maiyuyu ("Kwa Mdami" in the map) on Sunday morning, and after a rest I was able to open a little church which the people have built recently. Hugh Mhina is teacher here, and there are some twenty Christians in and about the village. The rest we took on the Sunday, after our exertions, was a great blessing, and next day we set off on our return to Korogwe, about forty miles *viâ* Sindeni and Kwa Tuvua.

This ends my travelling for this year, so now I go back to Zanzibar till after Christmas. I have been up here in the Magila district for a month, and have got through a strange variety of work of one sort and another. I have walked over 200 miles and visited all the Shambala district, east and west ; consecrated Misozwe Church and dedicated another at Maiyuyu ; baptized (by immersion) thirty people, and confirmed eighty-five ; ordained a reader, taken a Retreat at Msalabani ; restored an excommunicated



A STOCKADED VILLAGE AT KWA TUVUA.

Christian at Korogwe ; done various operations, including the amputation of a foot, and seen a large number of sick people. There has been an epidemic of measles in the country and many children have died from the results of it, and others have lost their sight through complications like ulceration of the cornea. The lesser rains are just beginning. We are all fairly well at present. I hear our new doctor has arrived and will come up here when Archdeacon Woodward, who accompanies me to Zanzibar, returns. I think he will find plenty to do, but I shall miss



my surgical practice next time I visit Magila. A variety of work is good for one.

The ladies are fairly settled in Korogwe, and are all very well. There is much to be thankful for.

J. Z.

MSALABANI, November 4, 1904.

# First-Fruits at Sani

By the Rev. W. C. PIERCY, Priest  
in charge of Kota-Kota.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST BAPTISMS

*The Church at Sani, as our readers will remember, was built in answer to an appeal made in CENTRAL AFRICA last August.*

ON the morning of September 8, we were all up bright and early, and after a crowded matins in the schoolroom, and breakfast, we all went down to the Lake to settle finally where the baptisms were to take place. It was, unfortunately, a very windy day, and considerable waves were rolling in, and we had therefore to choose the more sheltered of the two pools that we had provisionally selected before. It was a most convenient one, with a nice flat rock to stand on at its edge, and the water from the Lake just gently rippling in, after each wave, the front of the rock having broken its force. It had to be deepened a little, but willing hands soon accomplished that. Two temporary booths of boughs and grass had been erected close by, for the changing of garments, and it was easily possible to pick out the candidates for Baptism by their shaven heads; this being the cleanly African fashion. At about ten minutes to ten Miss Mann arrived, and shortly afterwards Miss Newton, and then the Bishop. He was still suffering from his fever, and so felt obliged to delegate the actual baptism to me; but he accompanied us to the lake and was able to receive the Candidates after their baptism.

We went in procession from the quadrangle the two or

three hundred yards to the Lake's brink ; first the two [Sani teachers, then myself, then the Bishop, in cope and mitre, carrying his Pastoral staff in his hand, next the Christians (chiefly from Kota Kota), with some teachers who had come to be "witnesses" for some of the candidates, then the candidates themselves, then the remainder of the Catechumens ; altogether, I fancy, not far short of 200 in the procession.

A large number of hearers and heathen had assembled from the villages round, and stood at a respectful distance, on the rocks and sand-hills. The candidates lined up, in order, on the edge of the pool, the Bishop behind them, with about half of our own people round him ; the other half taking up an excellent position on a rock on the far side of the pool, while I stood on the rock from which I was to baptize them, with the "witnesses" behind me. I had to raise my voice as much as possible to be heard above the wind and the ceaseless roar of the waves, but I was glad to hear afterwards that I was heard ; much experience in out-door speaking standing me in good stead. The candidates, also, made their answers clearly and distinctly ; then, after the blessing of the water, each candidate in turn was led down by his own "witness" into the water and knelt in it, the water coming up to his shoulders. Then, laying my hand upon his head, I immersed him three times, in the Name of the Blessed Trinity, after which he passed to the tent to change his old cloth for a clean white one, while another took his turn.

When the last was baptized, we sang a hymn, and by that time all had returned in their symbolic white clothing, and were received individually by the bishop and signed upon their foreheads with the sign of the Cross, as the prayer-book directs. I then read the remainder of the Service, and we reformed the procession, in the same order as before, except for the important difference that these now took their place with the Christians, and we returned, singing, "Soldiers of Christ, arise !" and "Onward Christian Soldiers," to the door of the Church. There the Bishop said a prayer, and then we entered, repeating the 122nd Psalm, and Christians and

Catechumens took their respective places for the dedication ceremony. The day being the fast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Church was dedicated to St. Mary.

After lunch, there was yet another function arranged for. The wife and mother-in-law of Mwalimu Robert had been baptized, and now the day was to be rounded off by the baptism of the third generation in direct line, in the person of Robert's infant child.

The newly baptized relatives, as well as Robert himself, made the necessary promises that she should be brought up as a Christian, not "danced," etc., and then we went again into Church, and the first service in the newly dedicated Church was the admission of the little one into Christ's flock.

Following, though probably unconsciously, English precedents, Robert had secured a "special preacher" for their first evensong, in the person of Reader Leonard, and I wished I could have stayed to hear his sermon, for my dear Leonard had been the first teacher at Sani, and they were some of his original pupils who were there, to-day, gathered in, as the first-fruits of the Church; and one of the happiest things, to me, in an intensely happy day, was to see the manifest and deep happiness of Leonard himself; truly no one had better deserved to share in the joy of the festival.

The Bishop, who had struggled through his part with obvious effort, and had therefore done no talking, nor anything more than the actual service, left very delightful messages for Leonard to give the people, and I added the request for the prayers of the congregation on behalf of the Misses Campbell—the generous donors of the Church, and that he should convey our thanks, publicly, to the Sani folk who had built the altar, and given other gifts, as an offering to their church. Then we Europeans all returned home by machila, arriving about 5 p.m.

It is a happy thought that the building up of the material and the spiritual Church at Sani should thus have gone forward side by side.

# A Day at S. Michael's College

By the Rev. HERBERT BARNES,  
late Principal.

*(Continued from page 10.)*

THAT last sentence, written in April, at the College, was cut off in the middle by my head teacher, and my capitao (i.e. factotum) coming to tell me they feared a sick boy had small-pox. As a matter of fact he had, and the anxieties attendant on an outbreak of small-pox, in a family of 60 or so of other people's boys, prevented me from going on with my letter. Now I have leisure I will do the best I can to bring that "Day at St. Michael's" to some sort of speedy end. We were in school I remember, when I left off, and were talking about the buildings.

Another thing that the visit to the schoolroom suggests is the supply of school books and materials. We have advanced beyond the days when A.B.C. sheets were made by Mr. Bellingham out of goat skins blackened with soot, and written on with crumbling stone, or cassava, but we are still far from being well-equipped. At St. Michael's we now have some very excellent desks and forms made at Likoma, and there are blackboards, wall maps, cupboards, inkpots, slates and plenty of exercise books, and paper, chalk, pens, pencils, etc. We have lately gone in for abaci, in the hope that our young teachers may learn to make the elements of numeration intelligible and interesting. There is a tonic sol-fa modulator hanging on the reed wall, and we have now stout sheets of black paper on rollers as a substitute for blackboards, some blank, some prepared for the writing of tonic sol-fa tunes. The floor, too, is bricked, and fairly level, and some attempt has been made to make the walls and windows pleasing to the eye. When I speak of windows in the schoolroom, I mean, of course, places for admitting light and air. Don't let your mind run off to sashes and blinds and glass and fastenings, for we haven't any such

luxuries, and, moreover, they are not really needed, except on rare occasions, when a howling wind comes with driving rain and scatters books and papers all over the room. The lack of equipment I refer to is especially in the matter of books. Here's a list of our schoolbooks in use: the Gospels and Acts, some historical books and prophets of the Old Testament, a Prayer Book with the Psalms, a little book of Church history, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, short lives of two or three English Saints, two or three booklets of native stories, for use as readers. There are no books for teaching arithmetic, English, Scripture history or doctrine.

The time table includes Reading and Writing, both in English and Chi Nyanja, the English readers being either books of the National Society, utterly unadapted and unsuitable to African students, or the Bible, or a single little native story, which has been put into English and fitted with a translation and vocabulary; the time table also provides for Arithmetic, English, study of special books of Old and New Testament, Singing, Church History, Prayer Book, Geography and Methods of Teaching. But, as you will see, for nearly the whole of this each class has to depend on notes given from day to day and collected by students into untidy notebooks, which I am sure must be almost unintelligible, and frequently even misleading to their possessors, after the lapse of six months. This lack of equipment is not intentional, except in the matter of Scripture history, in which it has been, perhaps rightly, the tradition to scorn everything which could come to be wrongly taken as a substitute for the *ipsissima verba* of Holy Scripture. In the matter of English and Arithmetic there is a crying need for books, felt, not only at St. Michael's College, but all over the Diocese. Of course there are, here and there, copies of English arithmetics, which some teachers use, but there are few of these, their examples are often inappropriate and always foreign in wording and background, and they are of no use to put into the hands of the more intelligent in the schools. The only reason why these needs have not been supplied long ago is that there is never anybody with sufficient leisure to carry out the work.

I have found it all I could do to live from hand to mouth in the matter of school lessons and notes, and could only have got anything done by taking complete holidays from other work for the purpose. And with fewer men than there are stations, it is impossible for any of us to take time off for special work like this. However, somehow or other, largely by dictated notes with the aid of a blackboard, we hope that we manage to get some ideas, not only into notebooks, but even into heads.

The daily time table last term was something like this : 8.30 a.m.-9 a.m., writing or dictation in English or Chi Nyanja ; 9-10, arithmetic ; 10.30-11.15, Old or New Testament special book ; 11.15-12, English ; 2-2.45, singing ; 2.45-3.30, Church history, or Prayer Book ; 3.30-4, methods, preaching notes, or mental arithmetic. Wednesday was a half-holiday, and Saturday a whole holiday, after various pieces of station work had been got through. I think a Sunday at St. Michael's College would be worthy of special separate description another time. Saturday is always the great cleaning up day ; the schoolrooms, dormitories, playrooms, eating-places and Church have all to be swept, the Church ornaments and linen looked to and made clean for Sunday, and the boys' own garments washed, each student receiving a piece of soap for his own wash. These, however, are special features of the one day ; let us get back to our typical day, and come out of school at noon, with the students, wearied of taking notes, and eager for their first meal. Think of that ! More than half the day's work over before breakfast ! We poor Europeans with our pampering habits have no doubt had breakfast about 8 a.m., and a cup of cocoa or tea, probably, at 10 a.m., and we are now quite ready for our lunch, to which we will go straight from sext in church. The boys' meal should be sent in served hot as near noon as possible, and it will consist of a plate of rice or *nchima* (a smooth, stiff porridge made of flour,) accompanied by a small bowl of *ndiwo*, i.e. a tasty relish, either fish or flesh, or, more commonly, beans or a variety of ground nuts. The students at meal times are divided into groups, more or less according to their

home districts, and the plates and bowls for each group are placed in position by minions from the kitchen. At present the meals are taken quite in the open air, and without tables or chairs, each group sitting round its meal, on the ground, or on rough, low benches, or on the ever-useful soap or flour box. This open-air feeding is entirely in accordance with village custom, and it would be a great and daring innovation to introduce meals at tables in closed rooms. Each group, as soon as it is served and grace has been said, is free to "fall on" without waiting for other groups.

The whole business of finding and cooking the food for so large a family is quite enough to occupy one man's time in provision and supervision, and it involves the fetching of flour and beans from distant villages by steamer, two cooks, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, a washing-up boy, a storekeeper, a number of women pounding and grinding on the spot, a large fishing net, and two or three canoes continually at work during term with a gang of twelve to fourteen men, and a weather eye always open to keep clear of disputes and complaints.

The second meal comes about 6 p.m., and is similar to the first.

After the noonday meal is a great time of bathing in the lake, and lying about on the sand enjoying the heat and the feeling of repletion that *nchima* gives, till, at 2 p.m., the bell once more calls the students into school. Singing class is the standing order for the early afternoon hour, an arrangement which allows an unmusical Principal to take village classes, if there are any people preparing for baptism, confirmation or first communion. If there are no classes, he may take a nap, or write letters to *Central Africa*—he generally prefers the nap. Singing is taken by a teacher who knows something about it, and it consists mainly of learning hymn tunes for church use. I hope that now there will be some scientific teaching of tonic sol-fa, as well, for one of the very latest productions of the Likoma press is a text book of tonic sol-fa singing, and Mr. Marsh, moreover, is musical.

At 4 p.m., or 4.30, according to circumstances, comes Evensong, which, of course, all students attend, and in which they take a share just as they did at Matins. After Evensong comes play-time, when bathing, football, taking a walk within bounds, fishing, and any of the many little manual occupations which boys take up for pleasure and profit may be indulged in till light fails.

Some boys will be working for pay during their play-time, fetching water, hoeing, watering the garden, trimming lamps, etc., etc. Some will be making mats for sale, some plaiting straw hats, some sewing garments to order for their less accomplished fellows. Very few indeed, in my experience, will be idle, fewer still sad or gloomy, and next to none will be quiet. Some will be playing games of draughts, or a favourite and widely-spread native game with pebbles on a board. Some will be making musical instruments or setting traps for small game.

The sun sets all the year round near to six o'clock, the limits of variation either way being no more than twenty minutes, so that this time of relaxation is all too short. As the sun sets, the evening meal, second and last of the day, is being eaten, and, by the time the proper and necessary washings at the Lake have been finished, it is quite dark, and work is impossible, except in the lamp-lighted houses of the Europeans and the teachers. The students spend the evening from 6.30 to 8.30 in the open air, or in a large play-room, which we light up dimly with hurricane lamps. Here they tell stories, sing songs, play games, and some, perhaps, are able to get enough light to read aloud. Unregulated singing of hymns and chants comes in at this time with the singing enthusiasts. Some will have business of various sorts with the Principal or his lay helper. These evening hours, especially if a fire is seasonable, are great occasions of social intercourse, and groups of students will concentrate about the house door of one or other of the married people on the station. It will seem strange to English readers, but there are not the social distinctions that we know in England (N.B.—There are *other* social distinctions), and so the porch of my cook may be the



fashionable resort for the teachers and students. At 8.30 the bell summons the community to Compline in Church, and, after that, silence is supposed to reign, and, at any rate, all the students now go to their dormitories. Of these there are three, two providing sleeping quarters for about twenty-four each, and a third, somewhat smaller. Each boy has his string bedstead, a grass mat and a blanket, and each dormitory is lighted by a single hurricane lamp.

I ought to have called your attention to the lighting of the Church for Compline. My boy carries down my table lamp, and four hurricane lamps are mustered from here and there and hung about the sides of the Church in a way that is rather picturesque, and at least enables me to read Compline and the rest of the congregation to see where they are. A very useful gift to the College would be two good hanging lamps such as are in use at Likoma and elsewhere. These would quite well illumine the whole chapel. A friend has, in fact, sent a serviceable wall lamp lately to balance the one bright lamp of old, but the gift of really good hanging lamps of high power would be no whit less delightful and acceptable even now. Talking of lamps, I suppose it need hardly be mentioned that we have no street lamps such as you see in pictures of Magila, and that we always carry hurricane lamps about after dark, to keep us from pitfalls. I should very much like a well-lighted room set apart in the evening for those who are studious—a room in which silence should be the rule, as at our libraries in England, but this means more lamps, and, of course, also fountains of oil. After all the students and work boys and married people are gone to bed, the day may be said to be over, for every one except the Principal, who is obliged to steal from the night, in order to provide for his family during the day that is coming. The night may produce excitements of its own, such as the visits of prowling wild beasts, but “that is another story,” and has nothing to do with your typical day at S. Michael's College. Another time you may like to hear more about the typical student and the teacher.

WELLS, SOMERSET, *October 11, 1904.*

# The Consecration of S. Luke's, Misozwe

By the  
Rev. SAMUEL SEHOZA.

It is some time now since my last letter to you ; to-day I am beginning to think it is time I write again as I have good news to tell you, that is, about the Consecration of our Church by the Bishop on S. Luke's Day this month. The Church, as you know, was commenced by Archdeacon Woodward when he was priest in charge of this station, but the late Bishop Smythies stopped the work, as he did not think there will be many Christians in this district. But the Archdeacon was wise enough not to finish the middle aisle in stone at the time, but built with mud and stick. This stood for some years in very good condition, although it looked very ugly, being mixture of stone walls for the chancel and half stone wall for the aisle, with mud and stick on the top of it. On April 1, 1896, I was sent here to take charge of this station after my ordination to the priesthood. And little by little we found the Church was getting small for the Sunday congregation, and on great festivals we had difficulty in finding room for Christians and Catechumens. At last need of enlarging the Church was pressing hard upon us ; but for a time I did not know how to start the work of asking for help. I began by asking my Christians and Catechumens to do their very best in collecting money for the work, by which we could show to our outside friends that we need to have our Church enlarged. This they did very willingly, giving Rs. 50, which was a large sum of money for Misozwe. Then I appealed to outside friends, from whom I got together about Rs. 300.

On March 24, 1898, I commenced the work of enlarging the Church, but I had to stop very soon as the Rs. 300 did not go very far, and there was no more money coming. There the building stood like an old ruin for a long time,

but through the kind help of friends in England, to whom I return my very best thanks, I was able to start the work again in January 1902. We worked slowly as the money came in, until October this year, when the Church was finished, and the Bishop came to Misozwe to consecrate it on S. Luke's Day, the day of our patron saint.

The Bishop arrived here on October the 15th from Kizara, accompanied by Padre Webster of Korogwe. On Monday evening, the Archdeacon of Msalabani arrived with Brother Moffatt from Zanzibar. All the teachers and their families came from the hill schools; Christians and Catechumens who live some distance away all arrived on Monday evening. It was difficult to find room for them all to sleep in. However every one made himself comfortable as much as he could until the morning.

The Archdeacon took the first Celebration at 6.15 a.m. I celebrated at 7 a.m. for those intending to communicate on this day. There were seventy Communicants at this service. The great service for the day was arranged to commence at 9 o'clock a.m., after the arrival of the Msalabani boys and ladies with Padre White. They got here in good time, having walked all the way. Three ladies were able to come—Miss Walker, Miss Gunn, and Miss Wallace. About 9 o'clock the service began outside the house, going round the Church to the principal entrance, singing psalms as the procession passed along. After the Bishop had consecrated the Church, and the altar and the new font, there was a Celebration of the Holy Communion, the Bishop being the Celebrant, and the Archdeacon as a Deacon, and myself as Sub-deacon. The Bishop preached the sermon.

The offertory amounted to the large sum of Rs. 29'20 p., which we consider very good for Misozwe. At 2 o'clock there was a solemn baptism of thirty candidates. Soon after this service the Bishop, the Archdeacon, and all the Msalabani people left for Magila, leaving us to our quiet life again.

I am now busy making bricks for our new school building, which we hope to start building before Christmas, at any rate before the rainy season is on.

## Korogwe to Kizara By the Rev. W. G. WEBSTER.

THE well-worn track to Kizara runs from Msalabani, where all roads begin and end—or should do—*via* Misozwe. But this time the Bishop decided to begin at Korogwe, walk the whole length of the Usambara range separating the two stations, call in at Kizara and so work round to Misozwe for S. Luke's Day. A long walk and a rough one.

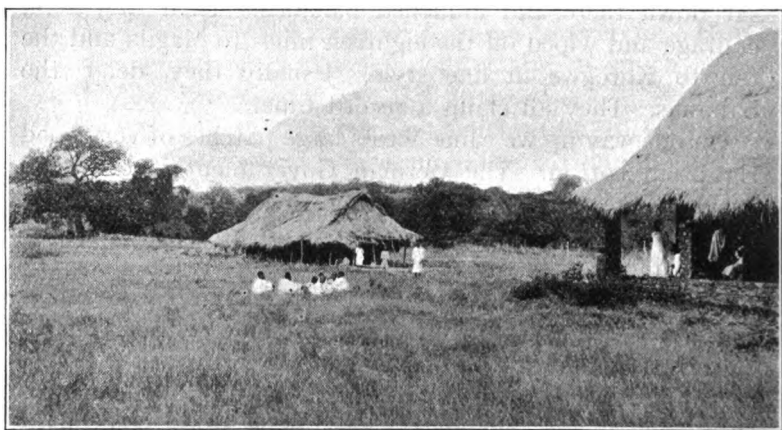
We took train to Mnyuzi and climbed the pass. Before the days of the railway this pass was famous. Most people sat down there and munched bananas. Then they took courage and wiped off the eighteen miles to Magila and the ten to Korogwe in fine style. Usually they deny the bananas. They all claim a record time.

On our way up we came across large patches of very good Egyptian cotton. The German Government is doing all it can to encourage cotton-growing. Seeds of the best kind are supplied free and the crop is bought up at prices ranging from  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ – $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  (6–10 pice) per lb. We found in one plantation huge trees waiting to be sawn up. The Germans are most enterprising, and every appliance is at hand, including a light railway for bringing timber from the forest to the mill. It is difficult to estimate what labour all this entailed in the first instance. For this is Africa, and men's heads are the waggon.

Beyond the pass came a proper climb. The air was keen: not boiled as in the plains. For three solid hours we panted and toiled up the hill, hoping at every corner to strike the house we were in search of. Of course we took the wrong road and almost rushed into a strange house, and then the right man turned up—and we started climbing again. Then through the mists we made out a small place securely locked up. This was distinctly embarrassing as we had no tent. However, the Bishop got the better of burglarious instincts and reconnoitred. Eventually, we found ourselves guests of Herr Feilke, manager of the Prince Albert of Prussia plantation and a friend of Archdeacon Woodward's. That was an *open sesame* to all sorts of good

things and we were right well entertained : so well, indeed, that we began to like it. The Bishop alarmed our host with threats of sleeping out later. It was delightful to find roses, pinks and violets growing here in some profusion.

Unfortunately, the porters did not get on so well. They do not incline to soup, wild pig and cheese, but to very mountainous masses of stodgy porridge made from Indian corn. The Archdeacon has a reputation in that direction. But "ugali" not being obtainable, they slept on hope. This, after carrying a 40-60 lb. load up 3,500 ft. was more heroic than agreeable. Yet they smiled.



A VILLAGE SCHOOL NEAR KOROGWE.

We got away next morning by 7.30 and walked through miles and miles of coffee. This is planted everywhere. On the Prince Albert plantation a first class quality is sold at 9d. per lb.

We called in at Amani on the way. Amani is the botanical gardens of the colony, and supplies information and help to the smaller farmers. The place is characteristic of German thoroughness. Here is established Professor Zimmerman with European assistants. What is not known there about plants is not worth knowing. Acres and acres of ground are laid out and nothing that can be made to grow is absent,

From Amani the road runs through more coffee plantations right on to the Mgambo where Arthur Kwalu is stationed. There is a school—or what will be one when the walls and roof are finished. The teacher was down with fever, but his boys were sitting placidly enough writing on slates the very latest thing in strokes. We slept in the school—what there was of it. On two sides it was open; the roof had bits of thatch here and there. We got fairly snug after poking clothes into holes and stretching a waterproof sheet across one end. Then the rain came down. I am quite sure, in time, it would be possible to enjoy walking in the rain as much as in dry weather. It would need time, but it could be done. But I do not believe any one would ever enjoy *sleeping* in it. Even Bishops do not.

Next morning we put together our dry parts, and strengthened with coffee essence, sterilized milk, tinned butter and potted something else, went our way—as far as we could see it. The chief, who was rather an old stupid, explained that it was a good wide road (*barabara*). To our chagrin we found ourselves in a sort of goat track which had a gradient of about 1 in 2. It rained hard all the time and we tried to think we were used to it.

When we got to the Kizara road it still rained. The scenery should have helped us but we saw little of it, the clouds were so low down. Our way lay through virgin forest: bamboo groves were common enough: tree ferns were to be had for the asking, and giant trees from which fantastic creepers hung chuckled as we tripped over their roots and fell into the mud.

After a going of some hours we arrived at Kizurui. As the porters were in the mud some way behind we approached the chief on the subject of food. The net result of a house to house search was four bananas, which we solemnly and sorrowfully divided. The teacher was reported ill. We came to believe that that was the normal condition of teachers.

We made for Kizara in the afternoon. Kizara owes its existence as a mission centre to the enterprise and zeal of Padre Sehoza of Misozwe. It lies at the head of two ranges

of hills and looks towards the British border. The valley runs straight on, with a river flowing through it and away in the distance are more mountains. Fairly high up, it should be quite healthy and a place at which to recruit. The house, built of unburnt brick, is finished. Schools are scattered over the huge district and the numbers attending each school run to something between 30-70. The Washambala are a pleasant folk even though a little heavy and difficult. Yet in our Mission Schools the Shambala boys forge ahead and stick like glue to their reading. Kizara now awaits the man. Other stations do not keep spare priests on hire, and until some one \* offers from England no priest can go there.

We sat on the baraza waiting for the keys of the house. Keys are like policemen when wanted. The villagers came to greet the Bishop and then sat down to take their fill of him. The method is this, squat, pull out a stump of pipe, smoke: then when satisfied ask permission to retire. This is seldom refused—on principle. It is so bad for our vanity. A present of empty meat tins will absolutely enthrall them.

The Bishop next morning celebrated: then interviewed teachers and sick people. When tabloids are near, the whole village is seized with headaches and pains "all over." We left later for Gonja, at the foot of the hills, and arrived in the dark. The teacher turned out, very astonished, and at once had food cooked. The Bishop here fulfilled his threat of sleeping out. But it was a little cold and damp.

Early the next day we made Misozwe after a two hours' walk. We wait here until the consecration, to take place on S. Luke's Day. It is still raining!

\* The Rev. W. G. Webster and Mr. Baker were to occupy Kizara last month.

## Reading Circles

THERE is an organization in connexion with U.M.C.A. which deserves to be more widely known and used than it is, i.e. the Reading Circles. There are at present seven Circles and an eighth in process of formation. Each Circle consists of about twenty members under its Head. The members pay no subscription ; all they engage to do is to intercede regularly for the Mission and to read the two magazines, *Central Africa* and *African Tidings*. The Head of each Circle keeps in touch with her members, and if desired arranges for the circulation of Mission literature amongst them and occasionally may ask them to contribute to some special fund or need in the Mission, but nothing is obligatory on the members beyond regular intercession and reading of the magazines. As is well known, the Mission supplies a Manual of Prayer for 2d., besides the special monthly intercession papers, which are gratis. Any one willing to form a Circle or to become a member of an existing one is requested to communicate with Miss Nelson, Grantham, the present Central Correspondent. A list of members with their addresses is printed from time to time, that each may know with whom she is united in prayer and study.

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## Post Bag

### Testimonial to Miss Mills

ON the occasion of her twenty-fifth anniversary as a member of the Mission Miss Mills was recently presented with a testimonial. The ceremony took place at an " At Home " given by the Bishop in the hospital at Zanzibar.

There were present the members of the Mission, a few special friends of the Mission among the residents in the town, the Rev. John Swedi, native readers and others. In his speech the Bishop contrasted Zanzibar twenty-five years ago with the present time, mentioning some of those who had come and gone while Miss Mills had worked on. The testimonial took the form of a very handsome Zanzibar Indian silver coffee pot, made for the occasion, with tray and Chinese cups.

In the evening fifty old Kilimani boys were entertained in the Isolation Hospital. Before this there was a Festal Service in the cathedral.

On behalf of the readers of *Central Africa* we congratulate



Miss Mills on her length of service. Every one knows what Miss Mills has done for the Mission, and her name is a household word.

She has a great gift of description, and any article which she has written for *Central Africa* and *African Tidings* has always had a special charm of its own. To our minds the prettiest of all the African stories we have published is that of "Baby Sefu" at Kilimani, told by Miss Mills, on behalf of the boys.

Latterly Miss Mills has had very indifferent health, but her visit to Magila did her good, though she seems to have had a relapse on her return to Zanzibar.

We expect she will have to come home this year, for a time at any rate, but Zanzibar's loss will be our gain.

## Home Jottings



THE ABBEY, as seen from the Office,  
Dartmouth Street.

**Lady Hawkins**, who has for many years acted as honorary treasurer of the Oxford Ladies' Association, has retired from the post owing to her having to be much away from Oxford, and she is succeeded by Miss Archer Houblon.

**The Oxford Ladies' Association** is one of the oldest of our home organizations, and, since 1880, has been under the able management of Mrs. Ince to whom Lady Hawkins' assistance has been of the greatest value.

**Arrivals.**—Miss Foxley reached England from Zanzibar on December 30. Mr. G. W. Knight arrived from Magila on December 8, and Canon and Mrs. Dale from Zanzibar on December 1. The Rev. A. De la Pryme and Mrs. Williams from Nyasa reached England on Christmas Eve. Miss White arrived from Mbweni on December 18.

**Departures.**—Miss La Cour and Miss Lloyd left England on January 9 for Zanzibar. Two new members travelled with

them, Miss Foden and Nurse Rich. Both, we believe, will be stationed in Zanzibar. Miss Foden has been trained at S. Denys, Warminster, for more than two years. Nurse Rich comes to us from the Cottage Hospital at Uckfield, of which she has been matron. Rev. A. M. Jenkin, Rev. J. P. Clarke, Mr. Partridge and Mr. Brimecombe left for Marseilles on January 20 *en route* for Nyasa.

**Amongst the sums** received in January was one of £1 sent by a mother whose son, an artilleryman, died last year. He is described as having been an earnest soldier of the Cross. He took great interest in the Mission, having collected for the education of a native boy. It was always his wish to do something more for the Mission, so his mother promised him, when he was lying ill, that she would do all she could, and he reminded her of it as he was dying. "She has brought me this sovereign" (writes our correspondent), "though she has herself to live on about 4s. 6d. a week. I know you will value the contribution, and assuredly God will grant a blessing upon the use to which it is put."

**Some few friends** pay subscriptions for magazine several years in advance: one does so for eight years! But what trouble it saves—seven letters, seven postal orders, seven acknowledgments, and fourteen entries in our books!

**Likoma Phonograph Records**—school songs, boat songs native music, etc., 2s. 6d. a record. For particulars write to the Rev. Herbert Barnes, Mirfield, Yorkshire.

**The Map and the Catechism.**—A friend writes: "I should like to say how much we appreciate the calico map; it is what we have been wanting for a long time, as we have a class of S.S. children who are answering the questions in *African Tidings*, and it is a great help. We are also hoping much for the new 'Catechism.' My children (fourteen of them) take so much more interest now they do the questions, and each likes the magazine."

**The League of Associates.**—Miss Meade King, Walford, Taunton, is the Secretary, and will be glad to send forms of enrolment and admission to those who wish to join. The coloured card of membership, by Mr. Louis Davis, price 2d. Medals in bronze, 8d.; in silver, 5s. Those who prefer to be admitted at Dartmouth Street Chapel should write to Mr. Travers, making an appointment for any Friday at 4.30.

**Five years' Medical work on Lake Nyasa.** By Robert Howard, M.B. Paper covers, 105 pp., price 2s. 6d. nett. Seven

maps and plans. The contents include chapters on the characteristics and position of each station in the Nyasa Diocese, together with suggested improvements. Methods of protection against mosquitoes are fully described, and the whole question of health in a malarious district is dealt with in a manner which, while its chief value is a local one, has also a much more general application.

A number of Kisibaus and Kanzus have been promised to Kiungani in response to our appeal, and it is hoped that those who have so far worked for Kiungani will continue to do so. The need is a constant one.

We have received from the offices of the S.P.G. a copy of No. I. of a new publication called *The King's Messengers*. The letterpress and illustrations are excellent for the price, which is  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per month.

## WANTS

*Please communicate with the Office to prevent gifts being sent twice over.*

**The Hospital.**—Old linen *always* urgently needed for our hospitals for bandages and dressing. Between twenty and thirty bandages are used daily. Any rolled bandages would be most gratefully received.

S.S. "C.M."—Forty footballs, please, for forty villages. Twelve cassocks for men.

**Dresses and Garments.**—KIZARA—6 pillow cases for the new station. KILIMANI wants at once forty-eight large men's kisibaus, 30 to 36 inches long from the *shoulder*, of striped blue or grey galatea, and thirty-six kanzus, 58 to 62 inches long. KIUNGANI requires kanzus for boys of 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 10 in., and kisibaus. KOTA KOTA wants kisibaus, 22 inch and upwards, and teiteis. The s.s. *Chauncy Maples*, kisibaus, white preferred, more large than small. PEMBA requires short kanzus for men; kisibaus 27–31 inches. KOROGWE wants 7, 28, 29, and 30 inch kisibaus, white and coloured. ST. MONICA'S, large bright coloured handkerchiefs, some unhemmed; twenty-four men's kanzus; twenty-four men's kisibaus, 34 inches, coloured and white; twelve each of boys' kisibaus, 22 inch, 24 inch, 26 inch: three dozen coloured kanzus for children three to eight years old. MPONDA'S requires kanzus and small strong bags. MASASI, kisibaus, 29, 32, and 34 inches, white and coloured, especially the latter. Surplices and cassocks in many parts of the Mission for native clergy and readers; also red twill cassocks for choirs. Apply to MISS WEARE (p. iii.)

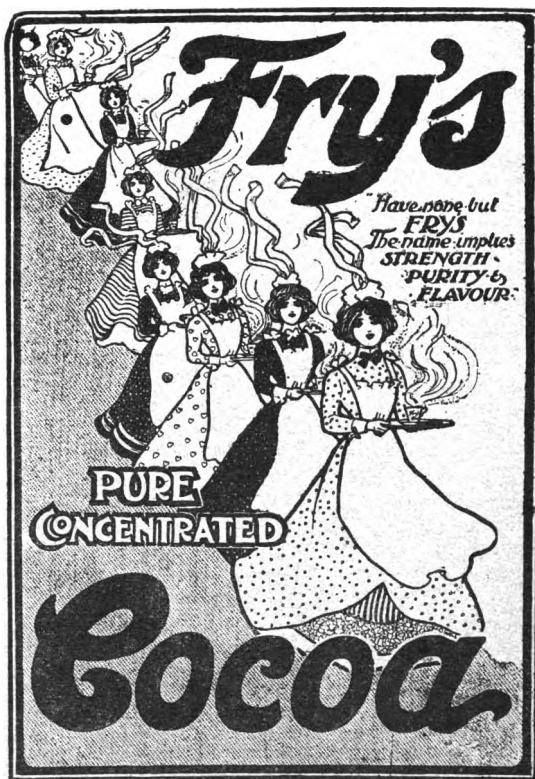
MRS. FISHER WATSON, Coombe Road, Croydon, asks for fancy tin biscuit boxes to send to Africa. They are much appreciated by the children.

[N.B.—"Editors' Note Book," and "Here and There in Africa" are unavoidably held over, owing to pressure on our space.]



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*—Guy's Hospital Gazette.*



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Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

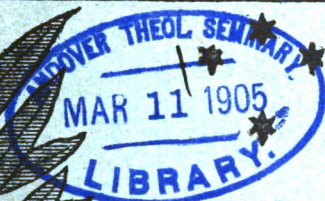
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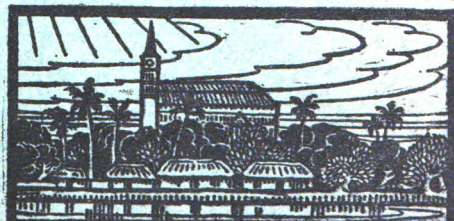
# CENTRAL AFRICA

A MONTHLY RECORD OF THE WORK  
OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION



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No. 267

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REMITTANCES sent to the Head Office should be made payable to "The Secretary, U.M.C.A.," and crossed "DRUMMONDS."

## **Mail Days, &c., July, 1905.**

|        |   |    |   |
|--------|---|----|---|
| July 1 | Letters expected ( <i>German</i> ).                         | 16 | Letters expected ( <i>French</i> ).     |
| 2      | Letters expected ( <i>British</i> ).                        | 21 | Letters expected ( <i>German</i> ).     |
| 7      | Mail to Zanibar ( <i>via Brindisi</i> ). [ <i>Naples</i> ]. | 21 | Mail to all parts ( <i>via Genoa</i> ). |
| 7      | Mail to Zanibar, Nyasa, and Tanga ( <i>via</i>              | 25 | Parcel Post to Zanibar.                 |
| 8      | Mail to Zanibar ( <i>via Marseilles</i> ).                  | 29 | Letters expected ( <i>German</i> ).     |
|        |   | 29 | Letters expected ( <i>British</i> ).    |

For Nyasa every Friday *via Cape Town*. For Zanibar every Friday *via Aden*.

Country Correspondents must post one day earlier.

**N.B.**—Parcels for Africa should be sent to Office directly they are ready: they are despatched once a month.

## **"AFRICAN TIDINGS" illustrated, for JULY, contains—**

A MISSION PLAY.  
THE WAY. V.  
MY SEWING CLASS.

A WORD PICTURE FROM NYASA.  
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.  
CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Price One Halfpenny.

## **The Mission Staff.**

### **Bishops.**

Zanzibar.—Right Rev. JOHN EDWARD HINE, M.D.—1888.  
Likoma.—Right Rev. GERARD TROWER.—1902.

### **Archdeacons.**

Nyasa.—Johnson, W. Percival '76—"C.M."  
Zanzibar.—Evans, Frederick J. '97—Mkun.

Magila.—Woodward, Herbert W. '75—Eng.  
Masasi.—Carnon, Alfred H. '90—Mas.

### **Priests.**

|                                   |                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| *Abdallah, Yohanna .. '94—Unan.   | Harrison, Wm. Guy .. '99—Mag.     | Porter, Canon Wm. C. .. '80—Mas.  |
| Baines, Philip H. .. '05—Mbw.     | Jenkin, Albert M. .. '05—Mpon.    | Prior, Robert .. '05—Kor.         |
| Brent, James W. .. '05—Mbw.       | Kisbey, Walter H. .. '05—Kor.     | *Selozha, Samuel .. '04—Mia.      |
| *Chiponde, Samwil .. '98—Mkun.    | *Limo, Petro .. '93—Mkuz.         | Smith, Evelyn B. L. .. '84—Trav.  |
| Dale, Canon G. .. '89 & '02—Eng.  | *Machina, David .. '05—Chun.      | Spurling, Henry W. .. '05—Mas.    |
| De la Pryme, Alex. G. .. '99—Eng. | Mackay, Malcolm .. '05—Pemba.     | Stead, Francis T. .. '05—Klun.    |
| Douglas, Arthur J. .. '01—Lik.    | *Majaliwa, Cecil .. '05—Kch.      | Stuter, Walter B. .. '05—Mal.     |
| Eyre, C. Benson .. '05—Mpon.      | Marsh, Richard H. .. '01—Ny. Col. | Webster, William G. .. '05—Kig.   |
| Frewer, Cyril C. .. '03—Eng.      | Pearse, Francis E. .. '05—Klun.   | Weston, Chancr. Frank .. '98—Eng. |
| Glossop, Arthur G. B. .. '93—Eng. | Phillips, John G. .. '04—"C.M."   | White, Joseph C. .. '97—Mag.      |
|                                   | Piercy, William C. .. '93—Kota.   | Wilson, George H. .. '05—Trav.    |

### **Deacons.**

|                                 |                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| *Ambell, Augustine .. '98—Msum. | *Malisawa, Eustace .. '98—Chia. | *Ngaweje, Silvano .. '03—Chun. |
| *Chitenji, Cyprian .. '98—Ma.   | *Mandri, John B. .. '01—Mas.    | *Rogers, John .. '97—Mbw.      |
| Clarke, John F. .. '99—Kota.    | *Msigala, Kolumba .. '01—Mwitl. | *Swerd, John .. '97—Mbw.       |
| *Kamungu, Leonard .. '02—Lung.  |                                 | *Usufu, Daniel .. '02—Chiw.    |

### **Laymen.**

|                                  |                                  |                                      |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Baker, Frank H. .. '04—Kig.      | Howard, Robert .. '99—Lik.       | Roskelley, Fredk. M. .. '04—Ny.      |
| Brimecombe, Alfred .. '02—Mpon.  | Knight, George W. E. .. '02—Eng. | Russell, Robert A. .. '05—Trav.      |
| Brockway, Thomas .. '99—Eng.     | Ladbury, Harry E. .. '01—Kota.   | Russell, Walter E. .. '99—Kor.       |
| Burnett, George H. .. '05—Eng.   | Lyon, Samuel H. .. '04—"C."      | Sargeant, Flora E. H. .. '05—Mal.    |
| Crabb, Albert H. .. '02—Trav.    | McLean, Charles .. '99—Mkun.     | Sharp, Gustav C. .. '04—Pemba.       |
| Craft, Ernest A. .. '04—Mpon.    | MacLennan, John E. .. '04—Mag.   | Sius, George .. '98—Eng.             |
| Deerr, William E. .. '02—Klun.   | Makins, Arthur .. '98—Pemba.     | Spurr, Albert K. W. .. '03—Ny. Coll. |
| George, Frank .. '99—Lik.        | Moffatt, Ronald .. '99—Mkun.     | Swinerton, Robert .. '00—"C.M."      |
| Harrison, Charles H. .. '05—Mag. | Mortridge, James H. .. '05—Mkun. | Tomes, William E. .. '04—Mas.        |
| Howard, Charles R. .. '04—Mag.   | Pegge, Richard E. .. '02—Mkun.   | Wilcocks, Louis .. '03—Lik.          |

### **Ladies.**

|                                     |                                      |  |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| Abdy, Dora C. .... '02—St. Mon.     | Foden, Frances Ellen .. '05—St. Kat. | Phillips, Janet .. .. '97—St. Kat.         |
| Andrews, Mary A. .. '98—Eng.        | Foxley, Alice .. .. '94—Eng.         | Phillips, Laura .. .. '93—Eng.             |
| Armstrong, Mary .. '01—Lik.         | Gibbons, Annie .. .. '99—Mag.        | Pope, Florence .. .. '03—Eng.              |
| Beraud, M. Mabel .. '97—Pemba.      | Goffe, Amelia .. .. '03—Hosp.        | Rich, Louisa .. .. '05—Hosp.               |
| Berkeley, Margaret A. .. '95—Kor.   | Lewis, Lucy H. .. .. '93—Mas.        | Rogers, Flora E. .. .. '05—Pemba.          |
| Blackburne, Gert. B. .. '99—Mbw.    | Holloway, Georgina E. .. '93—Mas.    | Saunders, Caroline L. .. '05—Hosp.         |
| Boorn, Amy .. .. '98—Kor.           | Hopkins, Sarah .. .. '01—Mbw.        | Schofield, Martha .. .. '93—Mal.           |
| Bowen, Margaret A. .. '00—St. Mon.  | Hoves, Margaret E. .. '99—Pemba.     | Sharpe, Ada M. .. .. '98—Mas.              |
| Brewerton, Hannah .. '93—Hosp.      | Jameson, Jane E. .. .. '00—Kor.      | Smith, Katharine H. Nixon .. '01—Lik.      |
| Bulley, Mary W. .. '03—Lik.         | La Cour, Mabel A. .. '03—Mbw.        | Stevens, Maude B. R. .. '97—Kil.           |
| Campbell, Eleanor N. .. '05—Kor.    | Lewis, Lucy H. .. .. '93—Mbw.        | Taylor, Louise .. .. '96—Pemba.            |
| Candy, Katharine .. '04—Hosp.       | Lloyd, Margaret E. .. '01—Klun.      | Thackeray, Caroline .. '04—Zan.            |
| Choveaux, Josephine .. '99—St. Mon. | Mann, Norah L. .. .. '01—Kota.       | Tirburt, Phoebe H. .. '04—Mbw.             |
| Clutterbuck, Eva .. .. '94—Mas.     | Mellid, Hilda .. .. '02—Trav.        | Walker, Margaret .. .. '00—Mag.            |
| Coates, Caroline M. .. '03—St. Mon. | Medis, Dore Yarnott .. '79—Eng.      | Wallace, Mary .. .. '04—Mag.               |
| Dale, Janet (Mrs.) .. '98—Eng.      | Winter, E. Kathleen .. '01—Mal.      | Wart, M. Frances E. .. '01—Mbw.            |
| Dunford, Lizzie M. .. '98—Mag.      | White, Katharine M. .. '01—Mal.      | White, Katharine M. .. '01—Mbw.            |
| Ellis, Wilhelmina .. '03—Eng.       | Newton, Mary .. .. '00—Kota.         | Williams, Priscilla E. (Mrs.) .. '02—Trav. |
| Fage, Mabel .. .. '04—Kota.         |                                      |  |

Assisted by 19 Native Readers and 234 Teachers.

**EUROPEANS—118; AFRICANS—268. Total—386.**

\* These are Native Clergy.

# CENTRAL AFRICA.

No. 271, XXIII.]

JULY, 1905.

[PRICE 1*d.*

## Forty-fourth Anniversary

WE were happy this year in the fact that our Anniversary fell on the only fine day in a week of drenching rain.

We were happy, also, in having with us Archdeacon Woodward, Canon Weston, Canon Dale and Mr. Frewer from the diocese of Zanzibar, and Mr. Glossop and Mr. De la Pryme from the diocese of Likoma.

Lastly, we were happy in our friends. They came from far and near, and filled St. John's Church and crowded the Church House and packed the Holborn Town Hall to overflowing. There literally was not standing room for more.

I heard of one friend who started out at six o'clock to drive ten miles into Salisbury, in order to catch the train which would enable him to be present at our High Celebration at St. John's, Red Lion Square. Rumour told also of two nurses who walked seven miles into Henley with the same object. But then we always did know that we have the best friends in the world. About seventy of them were present with us at the Early Celebration of the Holy Communion in the Crypt of St. Paul's, at which the Bishop of Southwark (our President) was celebrant; and after which most of us breakfasted together.

I suppose one of the deepest impressions the day has left upon us is of that beautiful service in St. John's, Red Lion Square, for which I think we have all learnt to be very grateful. The Church, in itself "a joy for ever," was delightfully decorated with red and white flowers—those on the Altar (red roses) being especially lovely and appropriate to the month.



Then, in the midst of all that could help us to "lift up our hearts," the glory of colour, and the ever-wonderful music (which is surely at least as beautiful as can be found anywhere in England), to fire us and to fill us, if it might be, with something of his own devotion and strength, came Canon Weston's sermon. No one who heard him could doubt for a moment that he spoke as "from heart to heart." Every word he said breathed the tenderest and most touching personal love of the Vision of the Beauty of Holiness in the Face of Jesus Christ. It is not easy to write of these things. But one could at least catch something of that very passion of appeal, piercing down with a sweetness not of this world only, straight from the Divine Heart even to us, as we worshipped Him, in His Sacrament of Love.

Such a sermon should be heard rather than read. May the Living Voice have moved more hearts than one to offer themselves for His work and for His glory, "Whose service is perfect freedom."

It was a great joy to have our revered President, the Bishop of Southwark, with us again as Chairman of our Afternoon Meeting. The audience was very large and responsive, but there is little need to dwell upon what was said, because you may read all the speeches for yourself, from beginning to end, in the pages of this Magazine.

At Holborn Town Hall, I need not say that Canon Scott Holland had even more than the usual enthusiastic welcome, after his long absence. Of all the delicious things he has told us in these evening meetings, nothing, I think, was ever more appreciated than his triumphant analysis of the South African Government Report.

Throughout the day, the keynote struck was one of thankfulness. Meanwhile, there is, as you will learn from Canon Weston, an especially urgent need of priests in Zanzibar; we *must* re-open the door of the Theological College at Mazizini; we *must* send out qualified men to take up that great grand work awaiting us among the Mohammedans.

The past has been blest beyond all we had dared to hope; the future lies wide before us, as the open arms of God.

## AFTERNOON MEETING.

After the passing of three or four formal resolutions, the Chairman, the BISHOP of SOUTHWARK, said : Let me briefly introduce the interesting fare that is printed on the programme by saying—as I think I may thankfully say—that this is a happy anniversary of what I hope we may now call this old mission of ours. I think it is a happy Anniversary because I know nothing that calls for our sadness, with one exception, which I will touch upon in a moment. You will notice this year—I am not sure that it is not the first year—that there has not been a single death on the staff. At home, as far as my knowledge goes—an imperfect knowledge, I fear—of what has come before our Committee, our affairs have been unruffled ; and I remember only two points which seemed to suggest any anxiety. We had at one moment a question which must arise from time to time in the rapid development of modern mission life, the question of the relation to one another of the missions of different Christian bodies, our own and others. And then there has been the question, which I will say a word upon in a moment, of the comparative treatment given by the Government to our own and to Mohammedan schools. But these were small and passing matters. I mention them rather to show that it has not been for us a time of anxiety.

Then I call it a happy Anniversary because of those whom we have with us, and whom we can greet to-day. I am sure the supporters of the mission will always share with me great pleasure in seeing here my right reverend friend and brother-bishop, Dr. Richardson, who presided for a time over the diocese of Zanzibar. (Cheers.) Then we are singularly rich to-day in those who return to us from the work of the mission itself. At the head I must put one to whom I am sure no one would think of venturing to apply the epithet "Returned empty," for when we think of what Archdeacon Woodward has done—(cheers)—your applause anticipates me in saying that he returns to us full, full of work, full of experience, and full of honour. And then along with him we have several members of the mission. We have—for *place aux dames*—Miss Mills with a quarter of a century's work behind her in the care of our boys. We have one to whom we must allude directly in another capacity, Canon Dale, and I hope that those who have not done so will provide themselves with a copy of a little booklet of four letters on Mohammedanism recently republished, written by Canon Dale. We have with us Mr. Glossop, and one whose

name you have already heard and applauded, Canon Weston, and we have with us Mr. De la Pryme; and I am glad to say that the laymen of the mission and those indispensable persons, the craftsmen of the mission, are represented here by Mr. Crabb this afternoon. (Applause.)

Now the only remark of a general character that I wish to make is that it is, I think, important for us not merely to look just on little details, but from time to time to look more widely, and to mark how the world-scene—and the scene of that part of the world with which we are concerned—shifts; and how vitally important it is for the Church of Christ to be doing its work while the day lasts and the opportunity remains. We look back to the time when this mission started. Contrast that time with the present. Contrast what we thought and knew and, let me add, cared for Africa in that day, with what is thought of it to-day; and then estimate the value of that faith and zeal which led the founders of this mission to start that little work among the great masses of heathendom that it had to attack. Now we are always, it seems to me, talking of Africa, South Africa in the first place, but South Africa only as one of the great portals to the continent which we are beginning to fully map out, for which governments compete and strive, where civilization makes progress, and where—if we may judge by what seems only too true with regard to a great deal that goes on, at any rate in the Congo State—things that disgrace the name of civilization make progress too.

Well, in those days we did not know much about South Africa. There were no spheres of influence, there were no railways reaching up from the east coast into the interior. Archdeacon Woodward tells me he is a great deal nearer to a railway in Central Africa than some friends of his are who live in backward parts of this little island here. (Laughter.) There was no talk in those days of the Cape to Cairo Railway, a connexion from one end of the continent to the other. The whole thing is changed in ways that later speakers will refer to with ample knowledge. I only want to point to the fact, I do not say of the prescience of those who so acted in the past, for I think it was faith and duty; they saw people to whom the Gospel had not come, and they said, "We ought to go there, and carry there the Gospel." And then that wove into the providential progress of events, and we thank God that the work was thus begun.

Take just another instance of the same thing. Who is not

thankful to-day, as we see the wonders of Japanese progress, that Christianity awhile ago made its new start in those islands, and that the labours of Edward Bickersteth and others like him have built up a Christian faith there. Who does not grieve that the Church of England did not long ago pour forth five-fold more energy into the missionary duty in Japan. Do not let us miss what has happened and what dawns on the view. What has happened is in the report. Slavery is at an end in the districts with which the mission has to do. What an enormous change that is! What a step for those looking at the real progress and uplifting of humanity do those words imply! If the noble forefathers of our mission could have been told that the chairman of the mission in this year 1905, speaking to an audience like this, could have used this language, and could have said what was really only a platitude to the audience he addressed, how wonder-struck and how deeply grateful they would have been. That is another instance of those great changes.

But, then, what is the future to be? About that I know that some of our speakers will address you. I see that Mr. Dale will speak—the man most competent of all to speak—in relation to Mohammedanism. May I venture to underline beforehand the importance which I hope we shall all attach here to this subject, because if I am not mistaken you will come to the conclusion that here is going to be one of our greatest problems, one of our greatest difficulties. Here we are on the frontier between the two religions, if that does not suggest too hard and fast a line. Here we are, at any rate, on ground where the two religions come into constant competition. I ask you who pray for the mission to give this matter a quite prominent place in your prayers. That is, I do ask you, in considering what the responsibility and the opportunity of the mission is going to be in time to come, to fix your thoughts there and to follow out that; to watch it with anxiety. And so I come back to Mr. Dale's book. If you are interested by what he says to-day, read more at length what he says there. Get some principles for yourselves, and be doing a bit of anti-Mohammedan work in England. For it needs doing. You need to be ready to meet the person who sits by you at table, the person you meet in society, who says that all religions have got something good in them, and probably each is suited to the race to which it belongs. Supposing it were so, which it is not, neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism belonged to those races, nor they to either of those religions. Therefore it is a

question which of those religions is to come in and to capture them. We must have an intelligent opinion on those subjects. It is not enough to know that there is only one name given under heaven whereby men must be saved ; it is not enough to know that in a very real sense, with every admiration of the noble elements in these religions, there is one religion necessary for the world because it is the religion of humanity raised to God, and that other religions, competitors or antagonists to it, are false religions. It is not enough to know that ; but you and I need to know something of the reasons why it is so. We need to know how to speak with proper courtesy and respect of other religions, and to welcome their witness for God ; for God has planted in them a witness to Himself and Christ ; and then quite clearly and deliberately and honestly we have to point out why they are not religions which we can contentedly allow to absorb races with which we ourselves are in contact, and for which the piety and zeal of our forefathers have made us in part responsible. (Cheers.)

Archdeacon WOODWARD was the next speaker. He said : My lord, ladies and gentlemen, in Central Africa we have no platforms and are not accustomed to speaking before a large assembly like this. Even if one had to do so, one would have to speak in another language. There are a few things which I wish to bring to your notice, and first about the extension of the work in the Usãmbara country. Since I was last here the work has been extended considerably towards the north-east. The energy of the Rev. Samuel Sehoza is known to some of you. The people to the north-east sent a deputation some few years ago for a teacher. As soon as possible he visited them, but owing to certain complications, it was impossible to start a school there. Coming back he passed a valley which seemed a suitable place for a central station. But at that moment there was a government school there, and it was hardly possible to have two schools side by side, and, moreover, we had no clergyman to send. But shortly afterwards Herr Blank, the chief schoolmaster in the German colony, and a good friend of our mission, sent word that he had withdrawn his school, and we could have the school house if we would send a teacher. We complied, and we have set up schools also in the immediate neighbourhood. But it was impossible for Padre Sehoza to superintend these schools very well, because he was living so far away, and he had his own district to attend

to. We had no one to send, and it is a great undertaking in these days to open a new European centre. Generally speaking, we have found it difficult to keep going the stations already started; and to open another and build a permanent house and keep it supplied, and, if the clergyman went away, to send another man to take his place—all this is matter for grave consideration. However, the Bishop visited the district, and was so much taken with it, both as a suitable centre for a sanatorium and as a centre for work, that this last year he freed Mr. Webster, who already had considerable experience about schools. And early in January Mr. Webster, accompanied by Mr. Baker, an able layman, started the work. They had their first Eucharist on the Feast of the Epiphany, and the Epiphany will now, no doubt, be their annual festival. When Mr. Webster had explored the region he found that to the south of Kizara would be a better place for a centre, and he agreed with the people who wished to have him to get a few houses built gratis; and they carried all his things there, saving much money; and just before Easter he took up his abode in that place. It happened to be an unfortunate time; there were heavy rains, and he experienced the great difference between living under a thatched roof and a good iron roof. That was good for him, no doubt. (Laughter.) But Kizara will not be neglected. A student who has read for the diaconate (perhaps there will be a year for a little further trial before he is ordained deacon) has a little group of schools, while Mr. Webster still visits Kizara from time to time.

Secondly, I want to say a word about the advance in the system of education. Some few years ago we were joined by Father White. He fortunately was a trained schoolmaster, and could take the schools and education in hand. When I spoke to him of system, he said he failed to see any system. (Laughter.) Before long he was able to put things on a system, and the result was striking. The boys soon showed greater keenness about work, and the order and discipline of the place very much improved. I gave him of course a free hand, as he was an expert. And now he has been appointed Archidiaconal Inspector. Last year Canon Weston was appointed Diocesan Inspector, so now all things have been brought into line, the importance of which I need hardly speak about. I will not say more of education, because Canon Weston will speak on that subject. He visited our country this last year, and we are very

grateful to him for his kindly sympathy and appreciation of our teacher's work. About two years ago I thought it was time to commence to ask for school fees from these out-schools. These schools were alluded to this morning. We have a considerable number of schools for teachers throughout the country. Every teacher means so many rupees a month. The people provide the school and a house for the teacher; and we thought they might do a little more, and we decided that they should give us five pice a month—something less than five farthings a month. (Laughter.) We did this in order that they should learn to help to provide for education. If they appreciate it, they should pay for it. Everything should not be done gratis. (Cheers.) And so far we have received already between five and six hundred rupees as a result of these monthly collections. I am only sorry that at present they have not seen their way to getting these in other places, but hope before long they will be able to do so.

Now about our native clergy in this archdeaconry. Samuel Sehoza I have spoken of. Padre Limo, who is known to many of you, is working equally well in his district of Mkuzi. He has not the same scope for extension. However, he has extended considerably towards the south. He is now ably assisted by a reader who has recently gone up from Kiungani, and is a candidate for holy orders. Some two years ago John Saidi came from the theological college and was ordained deacon. Although only an assistant, his work has been very valuable. He has had the teaching of nearly all the adult catechumens, and most ably he has done it. Where we have a native deacon or priest it is best to allow him to finally decide who shall be baptized or who shall be postponed, because naturally he understands the native character very much better than we can possibly do. In that way and in others he is a most valuable assistant, and he has had charge of the Orphanage. In the Orphanage are those little girls left on our hands after the famine. They have very little European supervision, but John and his wife look after them. They go to school, of course; but their home life is perfectly natural. They fetch the water, and seek firewood, and cook their food, and cultivate a small field.

And, thirdly, as to the industrial work. Much has been said about industrial work in the past, but there is a distinction to be drawn between that work on the mainland and in Zanzibar. On the mainland there is no difficulty about the employment

of boys after leaving school. We used to have a great number of boys from the free slaves, but we have practically none now. The boys have their homes to go to. They can till the soil like their fathers. Some of them become clerks on the railway; others are engaged in telegraphy under the railway company or government; some go as clerks on the plantations. So a varied number of occupations are open to them. But we do not neglect industrial work altogether. For twenty-five years we have been continually training masons, carpenters, printers, and also cooks. The boys are apprenticed to those who have been thus taught, to keep up a supply; all the mission work, for instance, is as a rule done by them. All school boys must do two hours' industrial work every day. In the afternoon they are employed in digging, rope-making, grass-matting, type-writing, and lately at sewing machine work. (Laughter.) If more than this is required of missions—(laughter)—in the way of industrial work, it must be done on sound business lines, and, if possible, on a large scale. For its own permanence, and for the sake of the people to be benefited, it should be carried on at a reasonable profit, and it should not be work in charge of those concerned with the spiritual work of the mission. It is the planters who think that the first function of a mission is to supply them with workers. They write for carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., or to ask us to supply them with labourers.

As to the government, I wish to say that there is practically an end of slavery. My statement refers to the British Protectorate, not the German. The German government has now struck the final blow. All children born after December 31 coming, who would otherwise be born in slavery, will now be free. (Cheers.) Even now one hardly hears the word "slaves." The few left are treated as domestic slaves, and live with their masters just as happily as their sons.

Sir C. N. E. ELIOT

I am glad to have this opportunity of saying how mission work in Central Africa strikes a spectator, an impartial spectator, although interested. I wish I could speak with more knowledge of the work of the mission that you are most interested in, the Universities' Mission. I was nominally Consul at Zanzibar for four years, but duties led me to reside on the mainland. There is a curious variation in the distribution of political and religious influence on the mainland. Many of the



English missionaries, and all belonging to the Universities' Mission opposite Zanzibar, are in German territory. That is the result of the political spheres having been changed, and of the missionaries having remained at their posts—(cheers)—and not varied with the change of politics.

From what I have seen of the work of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, I am glad to be able to say that although there is a great disposition among Englishmen who live abroad to criticize missionary work somewhat severely, I have never heard any serious criticism made against that mission. (Cheers.) It has laboured for a long time amongst the Mohammedan population. I am accustomed to Mohammedan countries myself. I have lived for five years in Turkey; and I think it shows great tact and Christian forbearance that this mission should have carried on its work in those fanatical surroundings without provoking any disagreeable incidents. I can testify to the excellent medical work the mission has done. (Cheers.) And I will tell you that I once had a conversation with the Governor of German East Africa, when he spoke in the highest terms of the work done by English missionaries in his territories, and of the good they had done to the whole country. But, although I cannot speak with such knowledge as I wish about the work of the Universities' Mission, I can speak with considerable knowledge and great enthusiasm of the chief results of missionary labour in East Africa—that is, all down the east side of Africa. Let me summarize a few of these results. And, as we have already heard, slavery is practically abolished in these dominions. I was glad to hear it said that it is abolished, because it is sometimes said that missionary societies are inclined to be a little critical of the efforts the Government has made to abolish slavery, a little too prone to point out the remains of slavery which unfortunately still continue. And I was glad to hear this testimony from the last speaker of its practical abolition, which I entirely endorse. I have not hesitated to say publicly how much I regret the fact that we were obliged to continue to recognize slavery to a small extent. That is to say, that with regard to those domestic slaves who are already in the employment of masters, and who were so before 1890, their status is recognized; but at present it is impossible for any one to become a slave or to be born a slave in East Africa. And I do not suppose that more than perhaps half a dozen or a dozen at the most of kidnapped slaves are to be met with there now. Think of the enormous

difference between this state of things, in which we try to suppress the kidnapping of a few slaves, with what existed there ten or fifteen years ago, when the Arabs took three out of every five children in a family on the coast of British East Africa as slaves. That is an absolute fact. And it seems to me to be one of the greatest triumphs to which Christianity and European civilization can point, that it has accomplished this in a very brief space of time. (Cheers.)

Now as to the relations with Mohammedanism : I think you will be glad to hear a perfectly impartial testimony on that point. As I have said, I have lived much in Mohammedan countries, and I would never say anything against the religion or against the great man who founded it. But it is in my opinion a limited religion and a dangerous religion. It is limited, because its doctrines do not admit of progress and expansion in the same way as Christian doctrines. It is inseparably bound up with ideas like slavery and polygamy, and cannot dissociate itself from them, because they are part of the law as sanctioned by the prophet. And it is dangerous, because it is a fanatical religion, and because those who profess it are ready and have often proved themselves ready to combine in religious wars against the rest of the world. I do not deny that Mohammedanism civilizes African races to a certain extent as quickly as Christianity does it ; but I think it would be a grave danger for the British Empire and for the human race if the masses of Africa became Mohammedan. And look at the effect of missionary work. We occupy Egypt, and we have enough on our hands of the Mohammedan element in the Soudan. It once was not known if Uganda would become a Mohammedan power. If it had, it was probable that the whole of Central Africa would have become a Mohammedan state. That danger, I hope, has now vanished. (Cheers.) And I think the British Government and all who are interested in the cause of European civilization owe a great debt of gratitude to those who brought about that result. And yet another merit of the missions is the way in which they have developed the native languages and literature in that part of the world. East Africa possesses one very considerable native language, Swahili, in some ways one of the great languages of the world. It is practically the *lingua franca* of the whole coast. When we arrived it was in the hands of the Arabs and ran the risk of perishing, and it was written in an unsuitable Arabic alphabet. By the missionaries

—amongst them such distinguished scholars as Bishop Steere and Krapf, another name well known in East Africa—that language has been developed and is now a remarkable literature.

One word to urge you to pay attention to the industrial side of mission work. I know there is a certain feeling that people who are not missionaries themselves may wish to emphasize the industrial side, because they do not care sufficiently for the spiritual. But I would present this consideration, which perhaps will appeal more to those with some practical acquaintance with Africa: the difficulty of retaining those natives who come to the missions. They require some occupation. The natives of Africa are an incurably idle people. The difficulty is to arrest their attention, to keep some idea in their heads for a few months or years. And I feel myself there is great danger that if natives simply frequent schools and then go back to their own people all they have learned may be forgotten. And it seems to me that if missions on the mainland (I speak of the mainland, not of Zanzibar, which is comparatively civilized), if missions on the mainland could form industrial centres in which natives could be to some extent retained, and kept in continuous employment, that your power of permanently influencing them would be very materially increased.

Canon DALE

A cursory perusal of the report will help us to realize to a very great extent the relation of this mission to Mohammedanism in Zanzibar and Pemba and other districts. From all districts we hear the same note. We have been told to prepare ourselves for the battle. I do not wish to insult your Christian intelligence or loyalty by spending time in trying to prove that it is the obvious duty of Christians to evangelize the whole world, including the Mohammedan population, especially now at this Ascension time, when we recollect how God has exalted our Redeemer and given Him the Name which is above every name, that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow in heaven and earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

But a word as to the method in which this task is to be undertaken. In a village church sometimes we come across the tomb of a Crusader. We see his hand on his sword and the cross on his shield. History has shown that the attempt then made was doomed to failure because of the words of Him who said, "They that use the sword shall perish with the sword. My

kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight, but now is My kingdom not from hence." We must use the sword of the Spirit ; we must wear the cross of Jesus in our hearts. But these Crusaders seem to say to me, " We failed because we tried to fight the battle in the wrong way ; it is left for you to conduct a spiritual crusade, for the battle is to be won not by the sword but by the cross ; ' not by man's might nor by man's power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' " But it must be carried out in much the same spirit as that in which the Crusaders went to work. What great sacrifices they made ; how great was their courage ; and sometimes how commendable they were in their Christian courtesy and knightly chivalry ! Now has the call come to us to conduct the spiritual crusade in the mission field ? It has come very distinctly in Zanzibar and in Pemba and in the Nyasa district, and perhaps in other districts. For take the population of Zanzibar. The slave trade is dead, and the people whom we have been educating in the past have been largely released slaves. And now we have to ask ourselves what mission work remains to us in these places. Here is this great Swahili population. Shall we not attempt to evangelize them ? The definite attempts in the past were due to the efforts of two ladies, Miss Foxley and Miss Abdy. But shall we linger when members of other missions have gone forth bravely to this battle ? In India, in Africa, in Egypt men and women of other missions are engaged in the spiritual crusade. Is it your wish that the Universities' Mission should linger behind ? Here we have this great town of Zanzibar with many thousands of Mohammedans at our very doors. Who are those Swahili people ? They are a blend between the Arabs and the Bantus. And their social and religious ideas are a mixture of Mohammedan and Bantu ideas. That is the Swahili race. And whatever influence they possess is penetrating into the interior of Africa every day. Are we to do nothing to check it ? It is aggressive ; it is confident. It offers a religion without regeneration, forms of religion without personal holiness. It stereotypes some of the worst social evils and condemns races to stagnation and inevitable decay. Are we to do nothing at a time when other Christians have done a great deal ?

Let me say what I think must be the qualifications for those who engage in the work. They must know Swahili well ; they must also know Arabic ; they must know something of the dominant ideas of the Bantu people ; and they ought to be well

read in the principles of the Mohammedan faith, and it would be well if they were deeply read in the doctrine of the Incarnation. (Hear, hear.) Remember that there must be thousands of people in Zanzibar to-day who can read the Koran in Arabic ; and as they read it again and again in the course of the year, imagine how much the language and ideas of the Koran must have affected the thoughts and the idiom of this people. Read the Koran in Arabic, and it becomes obvious to you at once.

This is only my personal experience. I have never undertaken this work except by the way. Fifteen years ago Archdeacon Woodward sent me to Mkuzi. In the first three months I was ill more or less, and knew little about the country. At that time there was a distinct attack on the little Christian body by the Mohammedan people. It was entirely unprovoked, and I learned this, that African Mohammedanism was and is aggressive. It is distinctly aggressive. When I began to inquire what kind of religion it is, so far as it affects the African tribes on the mainland, I found it quite inadequate as a spiritual force. They knew little about it. They could not tell the meaning of the few phrases that were in use. They attend at the mosques in the month of Ramadhan, but often without understanding a word of what the man who leads the prayers is saying.

There is a curious instance of an active Mohammedan on the mainland who has three sons, one of whom is now a deacon, another is a reader, and the third is studying with Canon Weston at Kiungani.

The next point at which I came in contact with it was in Zanzibar. I was asked to preach outside the cathedral to Mohammedan people. I found that if one spoke courteously a few would listen, but that a great many questions were asked, sometimes very intelligent questions, and the person who preached the sermon outside the cathedral would have to be careful what statements he made, and very ready and quick with his answers. And I learnt that the principal battle will rage round the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. I used to go about for a few months in the native quarter of Zanzibar. I found that if you sat down and spoke quietly to the people you could get a small knot of people willing to hear. The controversy was conducted with perfect friendliness on both sides. But I found we got into a very interesting discussion on the comparative merits of the two faiths ; and perhaps just as we did so an Arab would come along and would hurl some-

thing from the Koran at my head, and it was evident to all that I did not know what he said. So you must learn the Koran in the language in which it is written.

In another place I used to have discussions with Mohammedan teachers. Then I was able to read the Koran in Arabic, and I found their knowing that fact aroused their attention and to some extent gained their respect. It was a matter of great astonishment to them that a man who had read all the four books, as they call them—the Law, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran—could yet say that he thought the Gospel the best. That created an impression. I found also that the man who intends to undertake this work must be able to prove that it is impossible for Christians at any time in their history to have tampered with their sacred books. They fancy that we have done so. You must have a clear idea what you mean by the inspiration of a sacred book—a very important and difficult question indeed.

But the discovery that interested me most of all was this, that many of the objections which they bring against Christianity are not so much objections against it as we hold it, but against misconceptions of important Christian doctrines. Here is a great work for a man to sit down and talk with those teachers, and show them by patience and courtesy and plain speaking what are the Christian doctrines which we so tenaciously hold. I know from my own experience that it can be done, but it wants courtesy and patience and tact.

It was a strong argument to say that one great reason why Christians cannot accept the Koran is that it grossly misrepresents what we Christians believe; to tell them that they must understand how impossible it is for Christians to accept a book as divine which misinterprets their faith. That created an impression.

I found that the whole difficulty can be traced back to a fundamental difference between the two faiths in their conception of God. We want men to go out and preach the gospel of the Fatherhood of God, the holy and righteous Father, whose name is Love, and quietly and with infinite patience to try to teach how very different is the nature of God as they conceive of Him and the nature of God as He has been revealed to us by His only begotten Son. That work will act as a solvent, and may in time completely revolutionize their conception of God.

I noticed, too, the unspiritual nature of their faith. Their

language and their books show it. As Bishop Steere said, it is a religion without grace, without the Holy Spirit. Here is your task, then—to intercede constantly with God through His only begotten Son that the Spirit may be poured on them from on high. Often one feels amongst the Mohammedans that one is speaking to people like some that are mentioned in the Gospel—like Nicodemus, like the Woman of Samaria, like the typical Jew who knew neither the Father nor the Son who was sent by the Father.

It is a delicate matter to take any step. Whatever is done must be continuous. We want you to send us the right people, and in a continuous stream. A college of priests working in Zanzibar, giving up their time to this work, that is what is wanted. You must not give them fitfully; we want them in a continual stream. Then I believe the work could be done. Often, in talking about the relation of the two faiths, one notices a tone of despair amongst Christian people. God's battles are never won by the faint-hearted. We must not listen to tales of "cities with walls built up to heaven, a people great and tall, the sons of the Anakims." We want men and women of strong faith, strong warriors of the Lord Jesus Christ, who goeth forth to make war in righteousness, faithful followers of Him who is the Word of God, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. (Cheers.)

The Rev. A. G. B. GLOSSOP

The island of Likoma is like an ordinary parochial cure, as the work has developed so much. Of course the number of people on the island is limited. One who has to deal closely with souls hates statistics; but they have their uses. The other day when the Bishop of Likoma came he gave us some reflections which were very cheering. I must say I had always thought of Livingstone as having lived about the time of the Battle of Waterloo—(laughter)—and when the Bishop was able to point out that we had not yet had even a jubilee, it was cheering to see the progress that has been made in the forty years at Nyasa. Last Christmas Day—a Sunday—between 300 and 400 Christians communicated in the old church at Likoma; and on Monday morning, at the other end of the island, some more communicated; and on the neighbouring island of Chisumulu, there were also the two native stone-built churches with about fifty or sixty communicants.

Although I have very little that is interesting to tell you, one thing is uppermost in my mind, and I would take you into

confidence about it ; it is not a thing peculiar to Likoma—I mean, the great need there is that we should go forward very carefully, and that the growth should be deep and firm below. I was struck with the words in Bishop Hine's charge, in which he suggested that one cause of the disappearance of Christianity in the north of Africa might be that it was too much superimposed from above.

Unfortunately we are white men, with all the accidents therein implied. Our bales of cloth, our store, our mosquito-proof houses are all a drawback, we think at times. We are in danger of the African taking customs from the white man. It is so easy to persuade him to do anything. We have before us the need of going carefully, and being sure that the native conscience is grasping all we teach. During the last four years one has endeavoured to work more through the native teachers. One has had a peculiar work at Likoma in being put there in the position of "squarson," owing to the island having been given to the mission, and to the mission being exempt from taxation as long as they behave themselves. The native headmen now administer the justice. It is the same in religious matters. We have very interesting Christian "elders" who keep us in touch with the people. It is very good to watch their growth, and see that the Christians themselves settle the quarrels they have amongst themselves, "Not going to law before the unbelievers." I commend these things to your consideration and prayers. Following that policy, this past year there was a conference of native teachers at which no white man was allowed to be present. (Cheers.)

A word now about criticism of our efforts. Last Tuesday we went to give a welcome to the new Bishop of Gloucester at Wells. He asked for sympathy and support, because he needed it so much ; we all, he said, knew what a difficult position a bishop's was : the curate was adored, the vicar was beloved, the dean was esteemed, but the bishops were criticized. (Laughter.) Missionaries almost come into episcopal rank. (Laughter.) We have your sympathy. And we plead for sympathetic treatment of our critics. There is so much that is true in what they say. For instance, they say that the educated mission man or boy is much less respectful than the uneducated. We know that quite well. And is it peculiar to Africa ? And then we are told (as in *The Times* the other day) that bad Christians are found amongst the native servants. Does India differ from Africa ? But in



Africa, if there is any trouble, the native Christian goes off and gets work from Europeans. It would be well sometimes if Europeans would ask for testimonials. (Hear, hear.) The answer to that point was splendidly given the other day in *The Times*. To a person complaining on this score the reply said, "I can only regret that I had not the opportunity of meeting him in India, and directing him to quarters where he could correct his impressions." The good Christians are not those who put themselves most in evidence, but can be found by those who will take the trouble to look for them.

About Mohammedanism. There is a terrible spread of it up and down Nyasa. Though there may be a religious Mohammedanism at Zanzibar, it is purely social and political at Nyasa. There is not a Mohammedan teacher at Nyasa who knows as much about the Koran as Canon Dale. It may at any time be used by wire-pullers at Cairo and be a great danger politically, as has been said. You will hear it said, too, that Mohammedanism suits the African races. Well, a good Mohammedan is better than a heathen; and if any one says that he is better than a bad Christian, we will not dispute it. But as to it suiting the Africans it suits the weaknesses of the African, and slurs over his character. Mohammed knew how the Koran would suit the African. Our faith is, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." While Mohammedanism may hold up a standard that will suit the African as he is, Christianity upholds what you might call an impossible standard. The African can never rise to the place God has for him in the world until he endeavours to come "to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

I may allude to the improved health of the mission. Through the efforts of the Medical Board and the nurses, and especially owing to Dr. Howard's indomitable energy, we have enjoyed much better health. The Medical Board at home, and the doctors and nurses out there, have carried out a successful and consistent policy—I am told sometimes in the face of many unseemly grumbings from the missionaries. (Laughter.) Dr. Howard's last letter says that we are going soon to occupy ground in Yao territory. Ever since Bishop Maples passed away, about ten years ago, we have been unable to occupy Yao territory, because we have been short of men, of priests. But now there is another thing to be thankful for, and that is that a great many more men this last year, and especially priests, have volunteered for the diocese of Nyasa. I only hope that Canon Weston's appeal this

morning for Zanzibar will soon have the same effect. They are a fine race of men in the Yao country. It is there that Padre Yohanna, the son of a Yao chief, and a pupil of Bishop Smythies, has done good work. And the Kings' Central African Rifles who fought well at Matabeleland, were mostly Yaos.

Canon WESTON

It is very late, but in the few minutes that are allowed me I have two things I want to make clear. And first, about the educational work. We must always keep in mind that the less we white people interfere with the black races the better. And if we take to them English education, in an English way, we shall do an enormous amount of harm. There has arisen a kind of feeling that we are not doing our duty because we are not starting industrial work on the mainland. People talk of agricultural farms and industrial settlements on the mainland, and make a sort of envious comparison with missions in India, in which railway carriages and such things are made. But "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," and if a mission goes from its proper life, and enters into competition with other people, there is bound to be trouble. We are English, and we work chiefly amongst Germans and Portuguese. If we are to compete with Germans, what is the end to be? When I hear of industrial work, I always think of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the tariff question. For instance, if we enter into competition with the Germans in their excellent industrial establishment at Tanga, I do not think they will continue to give us a friendly hand. It is not the duty of the Church to support the people. It is not the duty of the church to make herself responsible for the trade of Africa. It cannot be. And when I read in the papers that the synods of the Southern Church are urging Christian ministers everywhere about industrial work, I feel that they are a little bit out of their province. It was not so that our Lord and St. Paul talked. "Having food and raiment, therewith let us be content." Leave it to government, leave it to the ordinary forces of civilization as they come; but it is not our business, and I beg you will remember that. It is quite true that the African is going to wear a frock coat and tall hat one day, but it is not our business to teach him to do so. On the other hand, although we do not develop industrial work widely in our mission, yet we allow no boy to be idle. If he comes from the mainland, we teach him to be a teacher. That means everything, from the conversion of his soul downwards; and during his spare time

he has to work. I live with between sixty and seventy boys. Every boy in the house works. All the house work is done by the boys. The only paid servant is the cook, and he was one of the boys. In the mainland schools they do basket and rope work or machine work, and turn out the wonderful white caps which are the pride of the young Swahili. And they are all taught to dig. Every boy is taught that work means not only brain but body. We have clove plantations and the like in Pemba, for boys who depend on us entirely, such as freed slaves and orphans, and we look forward to boys settling there. But that is quite different from providing work for people who depend on us for nothing but the means of grace. We must not allow the mainland missions to become industrial in the true sense.

Secondly, about our schools and colleges. For the last few years not many boys have been sent out from Kiungani. But just before I came home I sent out fourteen boys for work as teachers. To be enabled to send out fourteen boys, all of them with clean sheets as to character, nothing really against them at all, that is an answer to your prayers, and that is why I have detained you to tell you of it.

Lastly, you have got to wipe out a certain bad record that is against you within this year. The Theological College at Mazizini stands with the front door shut. And it will remain shut till some one here comes out to help us. Canon Dale is home, and the college is shut. Who is to take his place if the Bishop takes him for Mohammedan work? Three men have been in charge at Mazizini within a year. What is to come of that? Can a theological college flourish with three changes of Head in a year? Will not some favoured parish give us a man? You must send us a priest, with some knowledge of theology, to carry on the work that God has so richly blessed. Do not shut the door that He has opened.

#### EVENING MEETING.

The Chairman, Canon SCOTT HOLLAND, who was greeted with deafening cheers, said: My friends, thank you extremely; and I am more delighted than I can say to be with you again. Last year I was down amongst the cabbages. It was a delightful time, except that I could not be here at Holborn Town Hall. You will excuse me if there is still a certain mild idiocy about me. Here we are, and there is Father Russell. I have to go to bed every now and then, just to give you a chance of

having Father Russell in the chair. And there is Mr. Child, and the pole and the map, and the same old faces, only lots more of them. I feel as if I addressed you under some advantage, because I almost feel that I am a missionary myself. Till now I have always lived on reputation. George the Fourth talked so much about the Battle of Waterloo that in his last years he believed he had been there ; only the Duke of Wellington once was moved to say to him that he had not seen his Majesty on the field. So I had talked myself into believing that I had been a missionary myself, but I hadn't. Anyhow, I fully believe in all the mission work now. I have got a little nearer to it. I have been amongst the blacks ; that is a great comfort to me. I came in contact with the blacks on this very same continent of Africa. The black lives with me, and I have a feeling that I know something more of what these men tell us in this hall year after year. The whole thing out there is extraordinarily like what you hear. I think that is a great comfort. Sometimes we do not quite believe it all. But I assure you it is very like what they say. It was just like that minister's relief in Egypt in discovering that every one he saw was so like the pictures we thought "goody" in the books.

When we first got sight of Cape Verde and the yellow sands and the date palms, a little friend at my side said he thought he could see three lions. We were about seven or ten miles off the coast at the time. But I was not to be done, and I said, "Of course, and they have just eaten that missionary who was sitting under the palm tree." That was our first introduction to Africa.

And then at Capetown it is a great joy to find yourself in a place where every black man you see is a Christian. In some favoured spots there, the whole population is Christianized, and living an ordinary life, without any pose at all. That was a thing to feel there. They would always greet a priest with a look of quiet familiarity. It was delightful. They have a peculiar look ; but when they see a clergyman something comes into their eyes, and you felt that you were passing amongst friends, and they expected you to recognize them and give the look back. They smiled. They have opportunities of smiling which the whites have not. They have the teeth for one thing, and the mouth also assists. So, too, you may go up to the college where the young sons of the great chiefs are. The young chief will

blow the organ in the chapel. A young Christian, Christopher, the grandson of Lobengula, the great Matabele chief, had passed his matriculation for Capetown University at fourteen years of age. There they are, with their compact little faces ; and all of them people who fought each other for centuries, and are perfect friends at Capetown in that admirable college. I saw Dwane, the head of the great Ethiopian movement under Father Puller. When you mentioned Father Puller you heard inarticulate noises of joy. He has swept in five thousand of his Ethiopian Christians out of Wesleyanism into the Church. He has given himself to the Church there. He was there, watching our mission to the white men, and anxious that he should not be excluded.

At Johannesburg there was a heap of little black things reciting, "Where are you going, my pretty maid ?" and a little dark thing saying, "Going a-milking, sir, she said." And I had the privilege of understanding the reverence and devotion of those black men when I attended Evensong at Bloemfontein ; the soft crooning voices poured through Evensong, till I did not know my old friend again. I could move about and feel that I was certain that this great Christian life was growing so richly and largely down in South Africa, though I had not the joy of going about in Zululand or Basutoland, where I could have seen so much of Christianity.

And now to South Africa has come this great Report on South African Native affairs, which seems to me a sort of charter, from the civil and imperial side, for all missionary work of ours over that great continent.

Here is the elaborate and deliberate judgment of imperial experts on the African races as they know them down south. And it is a judgment of the most fortifying kind you can imagine. Did we need it ? Perhaps we did. Anyhow, it reassures. That is not astonishing. It is not astonishing, for we here at home may have been beaten into silence in our belief about missions by the enormous authority of the people who spoke ; when it was the colonist, or the Englishman who has travelled abroad, who has told us that we have no knowledge of the matter. We were abashed by being told that we know nothing. So we listened to all their talk in a sort of grim and sodden silence. It is this which is broken for ever by the judgment of this Report. Here at last are the people who know. Sir Godfrey Lagden and others who made the Report are the authorities.

And these delicious old men say everything that you and I always said. All the things that we were cowed into not saying, they repeat.

We used to be told, for instance, that the native Kaffir is a hopelessly indolent person. Well, the Blue Book says that this notion that the Kaffir "is deplorably indolent may be dismissed at once, because it is not in accord with the facts." The Report tells you how he has to work to produce even the ordinary fruits of the ground to keep seven millions of people going; and this in a land subject to the same famines and drought that we are. Or, again, people told us that this wretched native will only work for six months in the year, and then goes home. My report says this native loves his home and his family, and is determined to be an agricultural person, and to go home for six months. This is the most amiable trait in his character. It is about the best thing he does. He does not like grubbing down in a mine for twelve months without seeing his papa or mamma. We were told that he smokes his pipe and puts women to work. Now the Report says that this notion that the women do all the work is absolutely wrong, because the plough has taken the place of the hoe. The hoe is dismissed, and the men have to work. The women do no more than their share in the labours of the men.

Or, again, we were told that the emancipation of women, and the disturbances ensuing, have wrought desperate mischief. Well, the Report says that the emancipation of women has produced a most excellent effect on domestic life; there may be a little disturbance at the moment, but, says the Report, "We desire the Government shall support the emancipation of women with all the power they have." They hint in the Report that parental authority is a little difficult there—but so it is at home; the emancipation of women has its difficulties here. Fathers are to be met in South Africa who say that in old days they used to find admirable husbands for their daughters; now the daughters choose by a method quite unknown to the parents—they call it "love"; the parents say they do not know what this love is at all. So they complained of its existence to the British Commissioner. But, in spite of this, the Report says, "Support the emancipation by all the means in your power."

Or, we were told of the evils of education on the native, and how insolent and aggressive he became. My Report says, "Look at it all round; though for the moment you may object

to his insolence, the testimony is undoubted that the effect has been to lift the native forward"; and so the Report calls on the Government to back education at every side, and to support even schools which have no European Mission to overlook them, carried on by the natives themselves. These things must not be suppressed, so they say.

Or we were told to keep the native to industrial or technical education, but not to give him higher education. Well, my Report says, "We cannot in the least think of limiting education to the industrial level. It is most important that the Government should found a college to carry on the boys to higher education, so that they may pass on to the universities."

There was one argument that used to move me. I mean when people said that just now it would be important to teach the native to work by the help of just a little compulsion; to make him work at least three months in the year. But these high authorities will have none of it. The Report says, "We have discussed this question and think the method entirely bad. We think it will pass into forms very hard to separate from slavery. The native is learning as quickly as any one can expect in natural ways how to work." We have heard (to mention another thing) of how terribly aggressive the native is, and that he is going to turn us out of the country, because he has political institutions and a free press, and so on. I take up my Report, which says that the native press is a most excellent institution. "Though he writes a little rashly now and then, it gives voice to the native mind. We learn how the mind is working. We strongly recommend the freedom of the native press; and we think all political institutions which the natives are forming for themselves will all be to the good." They will make a little fuss, and we make some fuss about such things at home; but the Report says, "Give them a native press and institutions of their own."

And at last the Report says, "Give them representation." They want a law passed that black men shall represent black men in the colonies everywhere. And when you ask this Report about civilization and the evils it has brought on the old primitive habits of the native, it answers, "In the middle of a battle, though you are winning, there is a great deal you do not like; and so it is with civilization in South Africa. We are fighting through, and on the way there is something that corresponds to the slaughter of the battle. There is something that must go

under. There is distress and death sometimes. You are not to stop the fight because of the distress or slaughter."

And then the final dictum. In order that this disturbance may reach its true conclusion, there is one only life that you can put into these native races, and that is the faith of Jesus Christ. You have disturbed their old faith. There is no use in saying that the missionaries have done it. The civil movement has done it. The merchant has done it. And you are bound to put something in its place. So the Report says, "There is only one life that can relieve them now. We have looked at the matter all round, and have come to the conclusion that though the native Christians may not be able at once to lose all their besetting sins (you are Christians : have you lost all yours at once ?), yet we have no doubt about it that the Christian population is the best in the country, and is steadily rising." (Cheers.) The final words are, "We are absolutely certain that the native African shows himself perfectly capable of comprehending Christian doctrine and living by Christian morals." So the one thing they ask is that Christianity should go forward. Their one policy is that these great Christian bodies should have full freedom to bring out their treasures, and to redeem the life lying there. The Report says, "The native is not to be expected to grow up merely as we should like him to grow"; he has a growth of his own, and there is no sound policy which does not allow for the irrepressible instincts of the man himself. He is going to grow his own way, and to have free development. And so there is once again only one protective power, only one inspiration which can carry him to his goal, the faith of Jesus Christ.

Here, then, is the Report saying everything we should have prayed that it might say. We have always said, "If you introduce civilization, Christianity alone can be the life of it. And we reiterate our old belief, without the shadow of these obstacles which intervened, because we have the high and great and noble authority of the whole expert imperial opinion behind us. They look to the Church to enable the natives to live the true life.

At all events, we stand on this imperial Report, the charter from the civil side for our work. England proposes to give the native freedom, development of his own lines, political institutions, and the faith of Jesus Christ; if only we will give that last to him, for the State cannot do that. There it is; we are going forward in our own School Mission in Central Africa now with



larger hope and fuller hope than ever. We are going to forestall the advance of civilization. We are giving that by which the native can survive the great perils that civilization brings. And so we are going to give him the power to live his own life under the control of the Spirit of God ; and we are going to show how Englishmen can behave towards their black brothers. I heard Dr. Parkin pronounce that, however tense and fierce the problem of black and white in South America, it is as nothing to the awful problem set England in Africa. And indeed it is a problem to foresee how, twenty years hence, when these great black masses begin to stir, they are going to live, allowed their freedom and their chance. We should none of us dare to face that issue if we had not the security that we are giving them the one power which can secure control as well as freedom ; the one power which has dominion, and has energy and strength in its royalty to grapple with the whole force of the nations. This is the power which is ascended in heaven and reigns ; in Him whose Name is above every name ; who can hold in the hollow of His hand all principalities and powers, Jesus Christ our Lord, alive on His throne. (Loud cheers.)

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## Home Jottings.

**Arrivals.**—To our great joy Archdeacon Woodward arrived from Msalabani on June 5, after an absence of seven years. The Archdeacon travelled all the way by sea, and landed at Dover. He describes the sea as “like the Thames the whole way.” A large number of the friends of the Mission will have had the opportunity of both seeing and hearing the Archdeacon on the day of the Anniversary. Canon Weston reached England on May 30, coming overland from Trieste, where he landed from the Austrian Lloyd Steamer. Miss Lewis and Miss Pope, who travelled by the steamer, reached England a few days later. The Bishop of Zanzibar travelled with Canon Weston as far as Mombasa, *en route* for Uganda. Mr. G. Sims arrived June 16.

**Panels for Likoma Cathedral.**—When these are finished they should be sent to the Office because Mr. Glossop and Mr. Crabbe both leave for Nyasa in July.

**Departures.**—The Rev. E. B. L. Smith left for Africa on June 7, accompanied by Mr. R. A. Russell, whom the Bishop of Likoma hopes to ordain on arrival.

**Miss Clara Hayley**, whose name appears under "In Memoriam," was one of the oldest and most liberal friends the Mission had. She, with her two sisters, both of whom died before her, lived near Battle. They were all intimate friends of the family of Bishop Maples, and their interest in the Mission was owing in part to the great admiration which they had for him. That interest never flagged; they rarely, if ever, missed an opportunity of attending meetings for the Mission and their donations were frequent and generous. Miss C. Hayley died at Wimbledon, in the house of a friend with whom she was staying on purpose to attend the Anniversary.

**During May** a donation of ten pounds was received from one of the original members of Bishop Mackenzie's staff.

**At the Weymouth Church Congress**, October 3-6, Lord Shaftesbury has kindly consented to open an Exhibition and Sale to be held on behalf of the U.M.C.A. in the Clifton Hotel, immediately opposite the Railway Station. We hope all our friends in Weymouth and the district will kindly help the Refreshment Department, by promises of provisions, or by contributions towards their cost. Gifts also for the stall of useful and fancy articles will be gratefully received. Please write for further particulars,—or send contributions to,—either Miss Swaffield, 5, Lansdowne Square, Weymouth; or to the Rev. W. E. Philpotts, 7, West Park Road, Southampton.

**The Anniversary Meeting of the C.M.S.** was held this year in the Albert Hall and is described as crowded and enthusiastic, the largest Anniversary meeting ever held by any Society. Above 10,000 were present.

**A New Set of Pictorial Postcards** has just been issued. The whole set, 10 coloured, 10 toned, 1s. ; 4 coloured and 5 toned, 6d. ; 2 of each, 3d.

**African Garments.**—This leaflet has been revised and is now issued with illustrations. Copies may be had from the Lady Needlework Referees (see cover, p. iii.) or from the Office.

**Canon Dale** wishes to know if any person or persons will be so kind as to give a small sum of money, to be available at any time for the purchase of such books and papers as are considered useful for the work amongst the Mohammedans in Zanzibar. Five pounds is all that is required at present. Such money should be sent to the Office, and when used up, a notification will be inserted to that effect.

**Another true friend** of the U.M.C.A. has passed away in the person of Mr. William Charles Phillips, who died at Elstree on May 17.

His own quiet and consistent goodness, his intercessions at home and before the Altar for the Mission, his support of its work by alms and interest—these are things which in no case may we fully estimate on earth, and still less is it possible in the case of a life so quiet and unobtrusive as his.

But for years past he never missed the Annual Meeting, and he had given ungrudgingly first one and then a second of his sisters to the work in Zanzibar. They with all who knew and loved him, and all friends of the Mission, may well thank God and take courage in the remembrance of such a life and the assurance of its extended influences from within the veil.

**The Receipts** for the first five months of the year are :—General Fund, £5,756 ; Special Funds, £2,597. For the corresponding period of 1904 the receipts were :—General Fund, £5,680 ; Special Funds, £2,726—a decrease of £53 as compared with last year.

**Miss Atlay wishes to thank** the many kind unknown friends who sent her contributions for her stall, which realized £30, in spite of very bad weather.

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### In Memoriam.

William Charles Phillips, May 17.

Eustace Talbot, May 26.

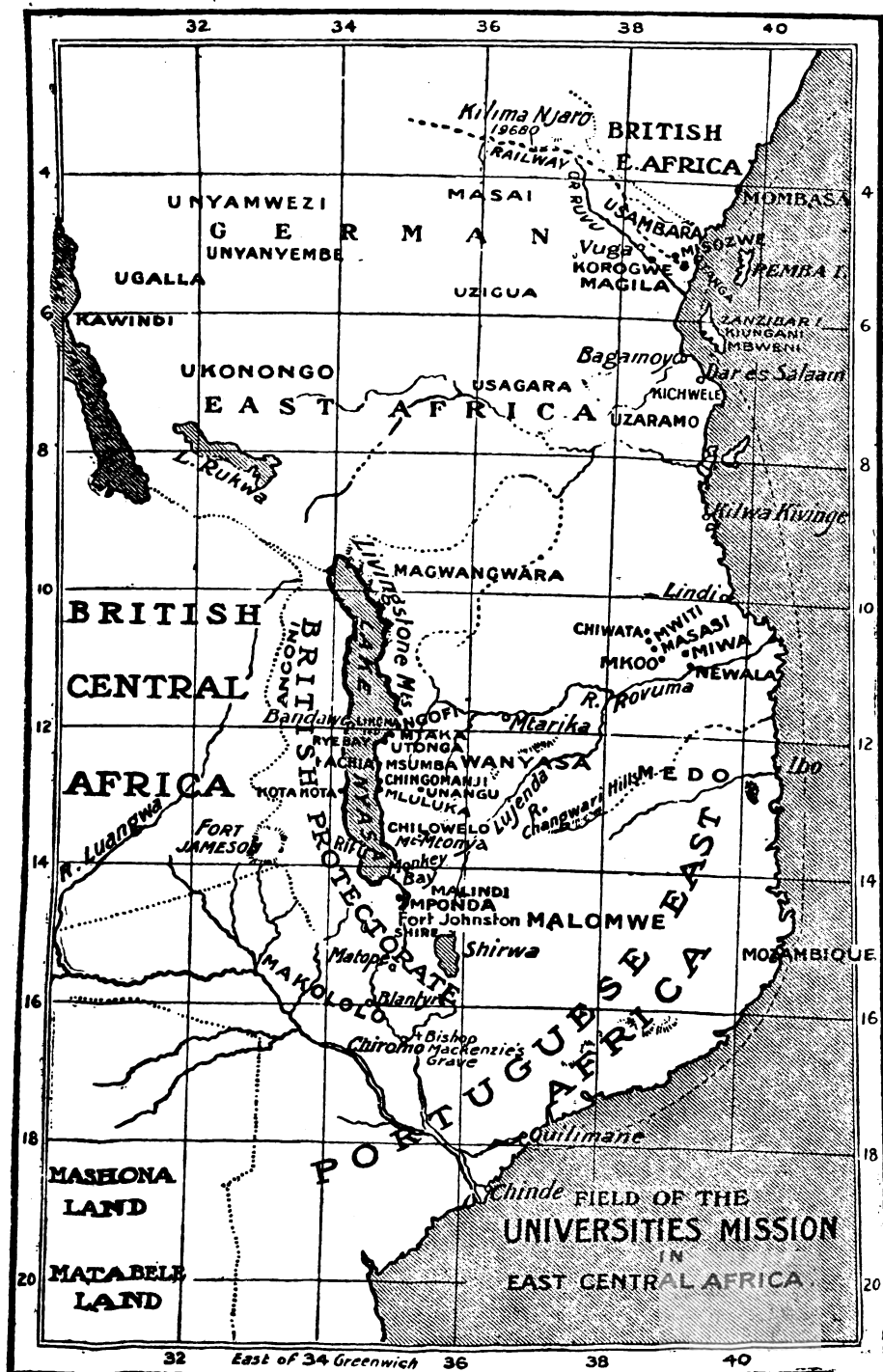
Dr. Talbot was appointed a member of the Medical Board as recently as February last.

Charlotte Mountain, May 31.

Miss Mountain died in Canada after an operation which she underwent in order that she might be able to realize her greatest wish, which was to join the Mission.

Clara Hayley, June 4.

(See page 195.)



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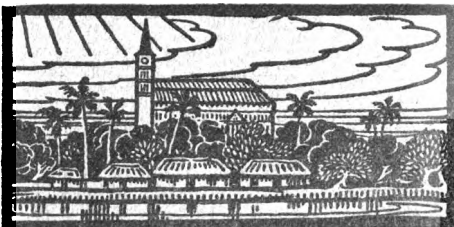
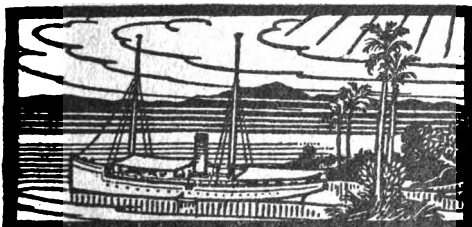
# CENTRAL AFRICA

A MONTHLY RECORD OF THE WORK  
OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION



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